

THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF THE
PASSIONS;

DEMONSTRATING
THEIR NATURE, PROPERTIES, EF-
FECTS, USE AND ABUSE.

Delectando et monendo. HOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Almon, opposite Burlington-House,
Piccadilly.

MDCCLXXII.

THE
PHILLOPHY

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PASSION

DEMONSTRATION

THEIR NATURE, HISTORY, & EFFECTS

BY J. H. H. H.

1842



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON

Printed for J. Almon, opposite Robinson's Library, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXXII

T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE great Mr. Locke was of opinion, that it is possible to place Morality among the Sciences capable of demonstration. This, indeed, might be effected by the idea of a Supreme Being, infinite in power, goodness, and wisdom, whose workmanship we are, and on whom we depend; and by the idea of Ourselves; as intelligent, rational Creatures. On both, duly considered and established as the foundation of the Work, we should be able to raise such a Superstructure of our duty and rules of action, as must make the doctrine of Manners equally demonstrable with the doctrine of quantity and number. A difference, however, must herein be admitted: The ideas of quantity can be represented by sensible marks, which make them more capable of certainty than any words; but moral ideas,

as of good and evil, right and wrong, being more complex, their names must therefore be of more uncertain signification. There is no other way of remedying the disadvantage but by the precision and clearness of Definition, and this may be done in so satisfactory a manner, that the result of the several Combinations must at length evince the truth of Demonstration.

How far Mr. Locke's views are answered in this Treatise, must be left to the decision of the Public; at least, it may be considered as an attempt for pointing out a true System of Ethics, or a laudable endeavour to promote the cause of true morality, than which there cannot be a more important concern of our lives. But tho' Philosophy in general, must stand high in our estimation, and so much the more, as all its parts are truly noble, yet it must be confessed that Morality is of these the least illustrious, and that if its utility did not enhance its merit, it would find none willing to receive its instructions. In fact, there is no great glory in resisting and subduing our Passions, being in the main nothing better than Monsters: There is no just reason to pride ourselves for acquiring some virtues, and for being more in-

innocent than those who are criminal, because indeed, none will value themselves on their strength, for being more healthy than a sick person: There is no great advantage annexed to the conquering of Avarice, because it exercises its rage against itself, and deprives itself of the good things it has deprived others: It is not a very glorious action to have triumphed over Luxury, which makes itself amends for profusions by engaging farther in the ways of injustice, and amasses riches by more illicit means than it dissipates them: It is not, in fine, a rare wonder to despise Ambition, which does not raise us to honours but by affronts, nor make us ascend to grandeur but by servility: This part of Philosophy, however, has its advantages, and if it shines with less splendour, it is attended with more profit than the other parts: By it Philosophers are formed, as by depurating their minds, it makes them more capable of considering the wonders of Nature: Politicians receive their instructions from it, for by teaching them to govern their Passions, it points out the proper methods to them for governing states; Heads of Families are trained up under its tuition, for having

first learned the regular order of managing their own inclinations, they will observe the same in regard to the conduct required from Children and Domesticks; so that it is to Philosophy, what foundations are to Edifices, and it may boast that by exerting its best endeavours for forming the virtuous man, it forms all together, the good Father of the family, the wise Politician, and the learned Philosopher.

But as Morality has different routes for arriving at the same end, I believed that the most humble would be the surest, and that by following that which teaches us to regulate the motions of our Soul, I should effectually oppose all vices, and stand up in the defence of every virtue. Revelation teaches us, and we experience the reality in ourselves, that the Passions are disorderly, and that sin has reduced them to a state, more distinguished for criminality than commendable for innocence; Reason, notwithstanding, with the aid of Grace, may usefully employ them, and without flattering them, I dare say to their advantage, that there is not one of them so contemptible, but may be changed into a glorious virtue. We may take from them what they have borrowed from corrupt nature,

nature, and restore to them the purity they had in the state of innocence. On all occasions they may engage in contests, and gain victories in favour of virtues; and provided we know how to keep them under a due regulation, it will be easy for us with their assistance to conquer all vices; For indeed, vices proceed from their disorder, and we commit no sin that does not originate from their revolt: I may therefore confidently say that all morality is comprized in this part, and that by teaching the use of the Passions, I teach all the means for making man virtuous.

But to conduct happily so glorious an enterprize, I find it necessary to proceed in a very different route from that of Philosophers, and to follow maxims of a far different tendency from those they have left us in their writings. These blind guides would have no other rule than Nature, nor other help than Reason. They believed that with these two, there were no vices but they should expel; no virtues, but they should acquire. Their vanity inspired them with courage; they made efforts surpassing their power; and by a vain confidence imagined they could subject the body to the mind, and re-in-

state that Sovereign in its former authority. It being much easier to know what is good than to copy and follow it, they wrote with dignity on virtue, they filled all their dissertations with her praises, and if nothing more was wanting than reasons and words to persuade us, they might have made us virtuous by their writings: But our disorder was too great to suffer itself to be conquered by such weak remedies, and there was a necessity for the mingling of Grace with Nature, to reduce virtue to her true standard, and make her amiable and acceptable. Man had liberty enough to his destruction from his own motion, but had not enough to save himself by his own strength: His Destruction arose from his will; his Salvation could not come but from Grace. All his actions without that assistance were criminal, and if we believe St. Augustine, all his good works were sins: For he was defective both in Principle and End; not acting by Grace, he must have acted by concupiscence, and being possessed by self-love, could propose to himself no other end than himself; his researches were after glory or pleasure, and in all his actions he did not rise higher than his interests. The Philosophers, tho' they

they could boast of more lights than others, were not, in the main, remarkable for more justice; and whatever specious appellations they might give their virtues, it was easy to judge that they were merely animated with the desire of honour or voluptuousness: Wherefore all their opinions are reducible to those of the Epicureans and Stoics; yet both infinitely fall short of the Credenda of Christians: For as St. Augustine says, the Epicureans were acquainted with no other pleasure, than voluptuousness; the Stoics formed an estimate of no other happiness than virtue, and the Christians find no other felicity than Grace. The first, subject the mind to the body, and reduce men to the life and condition of Beasts; the second, inflate the soul with vanity, and amidst the wretchedness of their condition, imitate the pride of Demons; the last, acknowledge their weakness, and sensible from experience, that Nature and Reason cannot deliver them, implore the help of Grace, and do not engage in conflicts against vice, nor use strenuous endeavours to acquire virtue, but by the assistance of Heaven. I therefore presuppose in this work, that in order to guide and govern
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the Passions, Charity is absolutely necessary to us, and I do really acknowledge that there is no other true Morality but the Christian; yet am I sensible that Philosophers have advanced some maxims, which may be of service to our design, but I likewise know that they cannot be usefully adopted but by the grace of the Holy Ghost. The finest truths are unprofitable to us, if He who is the eternal light, does not infuse them into our souls, and the best reasons cannot persuade us, if He who holds our hearts in his hand does not touch them by his inspirations; even the aids of nature, which may be called the ruins of innocence, cannot be productive of virtues, unless animated by Charity: All those good inclinations that remain to us after the loss of original Justice, are disorderly; and man is so universally corrupt, that his best talents and advantages are pernicious to him. The beauty of genius, the soundness of judgment, and the fidelity of memory are favours that have proved destructive to Philosophers; and if from them any benefit accrues to us, we are indebted for it to Grace and not to Nature. It is with our Soul as with the Earth; both since Sin
have

have laboured under malediction, and as the latter, unless cultivated, will bear nothing but weeds and brambles; so the soul will produce nothing but sins, unless illumed by some supernatural light.

To understand this truth, which is the pure doctrine of the Gospel, it is necessary to know that Grace, whether in the state of innocence, whether in that of Christianity, constitutes a part of man, who is not accomplished when destitute of it, and though Reason remains to him, he is imperfect if he has not justice. In both these states, he must be just to be consummate, and must be agreeable to God to be innocent. Reason is not his principal advantage, and if I dare say so, it is not even his last discrimination. He was never created to be only rational, and he cannot be saved, unless with Reason he is possessed of Justice. A grievous mishap has been the result of so rare a privilege; for as Nature and Grace were united in the person of the first man, they could not be separated but by sin, and he could not forfeit Justice but by concupiscence. Being no longer under the dominion of God, he fell under the tyranny of the Devil, and deserting his lawful Sovereign, threw himself

self into the arms of an usurper. Acting before by the motions of the first, all his actions were then innocent and reasonable, but since acting by the motions of the second, whatever he does is unreasonable and criminal; Reason is become the slave of sin, and Nature losing Grace lost its primitive purity. To deliver us from this shameful and cruel servitude, it was necessary that Jesus Christ should animate us by his spirit, should unite us to his body, and should restore unto Reason the advantages sin had robbed it of. Whoever does not act on this principle is criminal, and whoever is not divested of the Old Man, cannot be cloathed with the New. Wherefore St. Augustine condemns all the virtues of the Pagans, he confounds their good works with their sins, and well knowing that one cannot be just without Grace, assures that all their best and finest actions were criminal: All his books abound with these truths, and his doctrine, which is drawn from the Gospel, obliges us to confess, that to encounter vice, and govern the Passions, we must necessarily have Charity. He that acts by the motions of this virtue, cannot bring on himself condemnation, and he
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that follows those of concupiscence cannot save himself: Charity raises us into Heaven, concupiscence leaves us to grovel on the Earth; Charity unites us to God, concupiscence unites us to ourselves; Charity restores innocence to us, concupiscence detains us in the ways of vice.

Morality therefore to be useful, must be Christian, and the virtues that are to regulate our Passions, must be animated with Charity to acquit themselves of their duty. Far from being hereby hindered in their particular employments, they may under the conduct of their Sovereign strive to tame those rebels, and teach them obedience; and in fact, they soften them by their address, they have recourse to artifice, when force is useless; they plead their interest to them, or gain them over by their inclinations; not being able to make them capable of the purest sentiments of Religion, they treat them as Infidels, and persuade them by reasons that must in some shape affect them; If the glory of heaven does not touch them, they propose to them that of Earth; if rewards cannot excite them, they endeavour to dismay them by punishments. For these motions of our soul have too great
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an attachment for earth to rise to the purity of Divine Love; they do not feel the warmth of this Love but by reflection, that monarch thinking it enough to reduce them by the interposition of the virtues relevant of his empire. He employs Temperance and Continence to subdue the rebels, he informs them how to bring these slaves to reason, and furnishes them with force to break the attacks of such fierce monsters: so that it need not be a matter of surprize to any, if sometimes I have followed the example of prophane Philosophers, and made use of their reasons to make the Passions obedient. They are so immersed in sense that they can conceive nothing but what is sensible, and their Commerce with Reason is so inconsiderable, that they cannot understand its commands, unless Imagination acts as an interpreter to them. This is their governing faculty, and to reduce them she must be won, as it would be in vain to pretend to make them tractable, unless their guide was previously induced to be reasonable. In treating therefore with them, I am obliged to accommodate myself to their weakness, and stoop below the Majesty of Religion; I remit something of the severity

verity of the Christian belief, and not able to make them comprehend Christian truths, I persuade them from human considerations; I shew them how deeply they are concerned as to honour or shame; as the primitive Fathers of the Church, disputing with Pagans, fought them with their own weapons, and convinced them by the reasons of their Philosophers, so I, prevailing upon the Passions to consult their own interest, make use of their inclinations to mitigate their rage and impetuosity; I bring them under a deception to cure them, and make use of their weakness to subject them to virtue. But with all these innocent artifices, I do not pretend to injure Charity; I leave to it the sincerity of its intentions; I permit it to seek God for his own sake, and I oblige Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, which are capable of reason, to follow in as great a degree as possible the purity of its motions.

After these preliminaries, nothing further remains than to inform the Reader of the order of this work; but it is so clear, that the titles alone may point it out, and it is sufficient to read the following Table to conceive the whole design. I treat of
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the Passions in general and particular. In general, I represent their nature, their disorder, their government, their affinity with vices and virtues, and their power over the liberty of men. In particular, I oppose them to one another, to make them appear in a more conspicuous light; and after explaining their essence, their properties, and their effects, I discover and lay open their ill use for being avoided, and their good use for being followed. Whoever chuses to profit by these admonitions, will find by experience, that from a proper regulation and government of his Passions, he will be able to resist and subdue all vices, and have interior consolation, and that peace which the world cannot give, in the practice of all virtues.

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**THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF THE
PASSIONS, &c.**

**PART I.
OF THE PASSIONS IN GENERAL.**

**BOOK I.
OF THE NATURE OF THE PASSIONS.**

**CHAPTER I.
APOLOGY FOR THE PASSIONS AGAINST
THE STOICS.**

AS there is no man of such signal moderation but sometimes experiences the violence of the Passions, and as their disorder is a misfortune which few can guard against, they have been therefore at all times the subject which has

PART I.

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most

most exercised the wits of Philosophers; and indeed, of all parts of Morality, this has been ofteneft examined into. But if I dare to declare freely my sentiments, and if I am allowed to pronounce a judgment on talents I acknowledge to be superior to my own, it seems to me that there is no part of Philosophy which has been treated with more ostentation, and yet with less profit. Some have contented themselves with describing the Passions, and discovering to us their causes and effects, without teaching us how we may govern them; whence they stand justly accused of having been more careful to make us acquainted with our ailments, than prescribe to us remedies for them: others more blind, but more zealous, have confounded them with vices, and placed no difference between the motions of the sensitive appetite, and the irregularities of the will, so that to hear them speak one cannot be passionate without being criminal; their discourses, which ought to have been instructions for Virtue, have been invectives against the Passions; they have made the evil greater than it was, and their desire to cure it, served only to render it incurable. Others again, little different from the latter,

ter, have endeavoured to stifle the Passions, and without considering that man had a body, and that his soul was not disengaged from Matter, would fain have raised him to the condition of angels. As these have been the most famous declared enemies of the Passions, as they have exerted themselves in producing reasons for vanquishing them, it is just to give them a hearing in order to make them a proper answer, and to destroy error before truth is laid down and established.

Few are ignorant that pride was always inherent to the sect of the Stoics, that to raise man they endeavoured to abase God, and that they often made their Sage a degree happier than their Jupiter: they placed him above fortune and fate, and would have his happiness depend solely on his own will. Virtue is too modest to accept such unjust praises, and Piety does not permit her to aggrandize herself to the prejudice of the deity she adores: but the vanity of those insolent Philosophers was never more conspicuous than in the war they declared against our Passions. Being the motions of the baser part of our soul, pride made them eloquent in their invectives, and ambition furnished them with

reasons, which are well received by all men, who are uneasy at having a body, and regret they are not angels. They * say that tranquillity is inconsistent with the Passions; that it is more easy to destroy, than to keep them under a just regulation; that soldiers should never be employed who despise the orders of their chief, and are more disposed to act against reason, than fight in defence of its authority; that the Passions are the maladies of our souls; that the weakest of them are dangerous, and that health is not intire, when we still feel the feverish symptoms; that a man is very wretched, who cannot find his security but in what has a manifest tendency to his destruction; who cannot be courageous unless he suffers himself to be inflamed with anger; who cannot be prudent without being seized with fear, and who dares not to undertake any thing, unless solicited by desires: they conclude, that to be slaves to our Passions, we must live under the lash of Tyranny, and must renounce our liberty to obey such arrogant masters.

* Senec. lib. 1, de Irâ, cap. 10.

These reasons, which are expressed and illustrated by so many fine words in the writings of the Stoics, could never as yet, I apprehend, make any thing better than an ideal Sage: Their admirers could not help being ashamed of them. After having long courted so glorious and austere a virtue, they became the mockery of all ages, and the wisest amongst them have been very sensible, that striving to make Gods they made only Idols. Seneca too, whom I consider as the most eloquent and proud disciple of that haughty sect, pressed by the weakness of nature and the force of reason, betrays his party, and recollecting no longer their maxims, confesses that the Sage * feels sometimes certain emotions, and though agitated by no real Passions, he retains notwithstanding their shadows and appearances. Whoever is well acquainted with this Philosopher's temper, will be satisfied with this confession; and whoever weighs well the sense of his words, will think, that the Stoics were not different from other Philosophers but in their way of speaking; and though they

* Senec. lib. 1. de Irâ. c. 16.

affected pompous terms, their sentiments were not the more elevated; for they do not blame all Passions, but their excess only; and if they ever had a desire to stifle them, they never entertained the least hopes of effecting it.

And indeed, to exempt man from these mouvements, there would be a necessity of destroying his constitution, and separating the Soul from the Body, but whilst this illustrious prisoner is obliged to perform the same functions as the Souls of beasts, she will be constrained to feel the impulse of Passions; and whilst in her operations she must make use of her senses, in the practice of virtue she must likewise make use of hope and fear. It is not more shameful to the Soul to fear a danger, to hope for an happiness, or to be irritated against an evil, than to see by the eyes, or to hear by the ears: both are a servitude, but both are necessary. It is much easier to govern the Passions than the Senses; and fear, anger, and love are by far more capable of reason than hunger, thirst, and sleep. If we therefore subject the senses to the empire of reason, we may likewise subject our passions to it, and make our fear and our hope virtuous, as well

well as any other action, which is truly good and laudable.

Reason is the peculiar good of man, all others are but foreign to him; he may incur the loss of them without becoming thereby the poorer, and provided he is reasonable he may pride himself in being always man. Now, since this good is the greatest of all others, it should be diffused into all parts of the man, and the lowest and meanest faculties of his soul should be made capable of it. There is no fear but may be conducive to our confidence if well managed; there is no hope which under a proper regulation does not animate us to generous and difficult actions; there is no courage, which being well conducted does not render the soldier invincible: in short, the most insolent passions may be of service to reason, and not to employ them in the course of our life, is to leave inert and useless one of the finest parts of our Soul. Even Virtue would be indolent if she had no passions to conquer or regulate; and whoever considers their principal employments, will find them conversant in the guiding of our movements. Fortitude is busy in subduing fear, and that courageous

virtue would cease to act, if man ceased to fear. Modesty makes us measure our desires and our hopes, and if there were no ambitious passions, there would be no modest men amidst the smiles of their good fortune. Temperance and continence repress voluptuousness, and if nature had not mingled pleasure with all the actions of our life, these two virtues that constitute the chaste and the continent, would remain equally useless. Clemency mitigates Anger, and if that passion did not animate Princes to revenge, the virtue which moderates it would deserve no commendations.

But if the Passions receive so many good offices from virtues, they make no return of ingratitude; for when trained up in their school, they repay them with usury, and serve them with fidelity. Fear is the strongest and most powerful ingredient in the composition of prudence, and though accused of seeking after evil before it happens, it prepares us to endure it patiently, or to avoid it happily. Hope is of singular service to Fortitude, and in the achievement of great and noble exploits it is necessary it should spirit up our courage by its promises. Intrepidity is the faithful

ful companion of Valour, and all great conquerors are indebted for their glory to the generosity of that passion. Anger and Indignation maintain justice, and animate judges to the punishment of criminals. In short, there are no passions but are useful to virtue when under the guidance of reason, and those who have so much decried them, have fully convinced us that they were utter strangers both to their use and merit.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE NATURE OF THE PASSIONS,
AND OF THE POWER OF THE SOUL THEY
RESIDE IN.

THE greatness of God is so far exalted beyond the reach of our intellects, that men have not been able to know it without debasing it, and his unity is so simple, that, in like manner, they have not been able to conceive it without dividing it. The ancient philosophers gave God different names in order to express his different perfections; and by calling him some-

sometimes Destiny, sometimes Nature, and sometimes Providence, they introduced into the world the plurality of Gods, and made all people Idolaters. The Soul being the image of God, the same philosophers divided her likewise, and not being able to comprehend the simplicity of her essence, believed that she was corporeal. They imagined that she had parts as the body, and though more subtile not less real. They multiplied the cause with its effects, and taking her different faculties for different natures, gave, contrary to the laws of reason, several forms to one and the same compound. But Truth, which came down upon the earth with Faith, taught us that the Soul is one in her essence, and that different names are only imposed on her for expressing the variety of her operations. For when she imparts life to the body, and by the natural heat which proceeds from the heart, as its center, preserves and cherishes all its parts, she is called Form; when she sees colours by the eyes, or discerns sounds by the ears, she is called Sensation; when she rises higher, and by reasoning infers one truth from another, she is called Understanding; when she lays up her thoughts, to use them

them as she may have occasion for them, or draws out of her treasures the riches she had deposited in them, she is called Memory; when, in fine, she loves whatever is agreeable to her, or hates whatever she has an aversion against, she is called Will; But all these faculties that differ in their several departments agree in their substance; they are all together but one Soul, and are only as so many rivulets flowing from the same source.

Prophane Philosophy at length acknowledging this truth, made use of several comparisons for expressing it. One time, it represented the Soul in her body as an Intelligence in the Heaven, whose virtue diffuses itself throughout all its globes; another time, it exhibited her as a pilot steering her ship; and again, as a sovereign governing his state: but Christian Philosophy has succeeded much better, when, by proceeding to the Principle of the Soul, it makes us acquainted with the effects she produces in the body, as analogous to those God produces in the world: For, though that infinite Spirit does not in the least depend on the universe which he created, and though, without prejudicing his greatness, he can destroy his work, yet

yet his immensity by his Thought and by his Will permeates all its parts ; by his Thought, as he knows every thing that passes in the world ; by his Will, as he operates all in all things ; thus, leaving no space which he does not fill, fitting himself to all creatures in their operations, and without dividing his unity or weakening his virtue ; enlightening with the sun, burning with the fire, cooling with the water, and producing fruits with the trees : he is as great on the earth as in the heavens ; though his effects are different his power is always equal ; and the stars which sparkle over our heads, do not cost him more than the flowers we tread under our feet. In like manner, the Soul pervades the body, and penetrates all its parts ; she is as noble in the hand as in the heart ; and though adapting herself to the disposition of organs, she speaks by the mouth, sees by the eyes, and hears by the ears, yet is she a pure spirit in her essence, and in her different functions her unity is neither divided nor her power weakened. It is true, that not finding the same dispositions in every part of the body, she does not in like manner produce the same effects ; so that in this respect the illustrious
captive

captive falls infinitely short of God; for as God is infinite, and as he could make all things out of nothing, he can also out of every creature educe all things, and without any regard to their inclinations, render them subservient to his will. Thus we see that he employed fire for alleviating the pains of his subjects; that he used light for blinding his enemies; that he compelled rivers to run back to their source to afford a passage to his friends; and that he made the earth open to swallow up the rebels of his state; but the Soul, whose power is limited, cannot act independently of organs, and though spiritual in her nature, she is corporeal in her operations.

This is what obliged philosophers to consider her in three states, which are so different from one another, that if in the first she approaches to the dignity of angels, in the second her condition is not better than that of beasts, and in the last she is not much removed from the nature of plants, being herein no otherwise employed than in feeding her body, digesting aliments, converting them into blood and juices, and distributing them through the veins, arteries, and other ducts of the body; and to perform this strange metamorphosis,

morphosis, the same identical matter thickens into flesh, stiffens into tendons and nerves, and hardens into cartilages and bones; she augments the parts of her body by nourishing them, she finishes her work with time, and by the dint of assiduous cares brings it to its proper size; again, solicited by Providence, she thinks of contributing to maintain the world by a return of what she has received, and so produces her like for the preservation of her species. In this state she does not act more nobly than the plants which are nurtured by the influences of Heaven, which spring up by the heat of the sun, and which propagate their species by their roots, buds, or seeds.

In the second state, she becomes sensible, and begins to have inclinations and knowledge; she sees objects through the medium of the senses, which apprize the Imagination of them, and the Imagination consigns them over to the Memory, which undertakes both to keep them carefully, and represent them faithfully: Her inclinations give birth to her desires, and from her knowledge proceeds her love or hatred; she attaches herself to that which is agreeable to her, is averse from whatever displeases her, and according to the different qualities of
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of the good or ill that presents itself, she excites different motions, which are called Passions. In this degree she possesses nothing more elevated than beasts, which discover objects by the senses, receive the representations of them into their imagination, and retain them in their memory.

In the third state, she abstracts herself from the body, and recollected within herself, meditates upon the sublimest truths; she treats with the angels, and ascending gradually to the Divinity, conceives an idea of his perfections, and admires his greatness; she reasons upon the subjects that occur, examining their qualities to understand their essences; she compares the present with the past, and forms conjectures on both for futurity. The faculty that performs all these wonders is called Mind; the imagination and the senses acknowledge her for their mistress, but she is not so free as not to depend on a sovereign, and obey the law of one that is blind, to whom she serves as guide: This, which is called Will, and which has no other object but good to follow, and evil to eschew, is so absolute, that Heaven itself respects her liberty; for it never uses violence when it acts in conjunction

junction with her, obtaining her consent by a display of cogent motives : And those efficacious graces that produce always their effect, may undertake to convert, but never to force her : Her orders are always complied with in her dominions, her subjects, though fierce, are never rebellious to her, and when she commands absolutely, she is always obeyed.

It is true, that there are motions formed in the second state of the Soul which exercise her power ; for though they hold of her, they notwithstanding pretend to some sort of liberty ; they are rather her fellow citizens than her slaves, and she is rather their judge than sovereign. As these passions arise from the senses, they always embrace their party. The Imagination never represents them to the Mind without speaking in their favour ; and with so good an advocate they find means to corrupt their judge, and gain all their causes. The Mind hears them, examines their reasons, considers their inclinations, pronounces very often to their advantage that she may not chagrine them, betrays the Will, deceives that blind queen, and disguising the truth, makes unfaithful reports to obtain from her unjust commands. When the
Will

Will has declared herself, the Passions become crimes, their sedition is formed into parties, and man, who as yet was but disorderly, becomes intirely criminal: For, as the motions of that inferior part of the Soul are not free, they do not commence to be vicious but when they commence to be voluntary: Whilst objects excite them, the Senses solicit them, and even the Imagination protects them, they have no other malice but what they borrow from corrupt nature: But so soon as the intellect, clouded by their darkness, or gained over by their solicitations, perverts the Will, and obliges that sovereign to interest herself for her slaves, she makes them culpable by her assent, changes their commotions into rebellion, and thus the insurrection of the beast constitutes the crime of the man. It is certain, however, that when the Mind acquits herself of her duty, and remains faithful, as an upright Minister, to the Will, she represses their seditions, brings those mutineers into obedience, and manages so dexterously their humours, that she quite tames their ferocity, and converts them into rare and excellent Virtues: In this state they range under the banners of reason, and vigorously defend

the party they resolved to fight for. The good or ill accruing from them obliges us to consider their nature, to remark their properties, and to discover their origin, that by knowing them exactly, we may occasionally use them.

Passion is therefore nothing else but a motion of the sensitive appetite, caused by the imagination of a good or evil apparent or real, which changes the body contrary to the laws of Nature. I call it motion, because Passion regards good and evil as its objects, and suffers itself to be captivated with the qualities it observes in them. This motion is caused by the imagination, which being filled with the representations it has received from all the senses, solicits the Passion, and discovers to it the beauties or deformities of the objects which may move it : For it is the Imagination that causes all the ravage, and the sensitive appetite pays so much deference to it, that it seconds all its inclinations. Whenever therefore the Imagination is strongly agitated, it hurries along with it all the Passions, raising storms as the winds raise the waves, and the Soul would be peaceful in her inferior part if she was not moved by that power ; but its authority is so great in
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that empire that it acts at pleasure. It is not even necessary that the good and evil represented by the Imagination should be real; for the appetite confides in its fidelity, and believes its counsels without examination. Having no light but what it borrows from that source, it follows blindly all the objects proposed to it; and provided they are cloathed with some appearance of good or evil, it rejects or embraces them with impetuosity; and these efforts are so forcible as to be always productive of a change in the body; for besides that its motions are violent, though scarce deserving the name of Passions when they are moderate, they have so easy an access to the Senses, and the Senses have so considerable a communication with the body, that it is impossible that their disorders should not cause an alteration in it. In fine, Passion is against the laws of nature, because it attacks the heart, which cannot be wounded without all the parts of the body shewing emotion, being so many mirrours wherein may be viewed all the motions of that which animates them; and as physicians judge of the constitution of the body by the beating of the arteries, one may judge of the Passions that

transport it by the colour of the face, by the flames that flash in the eyes, by the tremors and chills that convulse the limbs, and by all those other signs which appear on the body when the heart is agitated.

Now, it is these Passions that we here undertake to reduce under the dominion of Reason, and to change into Virtues. Some have contented themselves in describing them without bringing them under any regulation, and have exerted their eloquence to no other purpose than discovering to us our miseries. They believed, perhaps, that it was sufficient to know an evil in order to its cure, so that the desire of health would oblige us to seek after a remedy; but they should remember, that there are pleasing distempers which many patients dread being cured of. Others have entered the lists against passions as Monsters; they have furnished us with arms for destroying them, without considering, that to put this design into execution one must get rid of himself. Others were sensible that the Passions, constituting a part of our Soul, could not be destroyed but by death; whence, blaming tacitly him who gave them to us, they offered

ferred reasons for allaying them, without seeking the means to bring them to order : The thought also that they were only necessary to virtue for exercising her courage ; that they were only useful to man for proving him, and that he could reap no other advantage from them than suffering them with patience, or resolutely resisting them. But I pretend to defend their cause, and yet to defend that of God, intending to shew in the sequel of this work, that the same Providence who has brought forth our Salvation out of what we had lost, is willing we should bring forth our quiet out of the disorder of the Passions ; and that by his favour we should endeavour to tame those savage monsters, and compel to march under the standard of virtue those combatants that most frequently list under that of vice.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE NUMBER OF THE PASSIONS OF MAN.

IT is somewhat strange that the Soul should know all things, and yet be ignorant of herself ; for there is nothing

so hidden in nature but she discovers; the secrets of that common mother are known to her, even all that passes in the bowels of the earth are investigated and laid open to her view: She knows how metals are formed, how the elements are alternately at peace or war, how the vapours rise into the atmosphere, how they thicken into clouds, melt into rains, and burst into thunder; she knows also what parts the human body is composed of, and, by a cruel artifice, dissects it to learn its properties; still is she ignorant of what passes within herself. By borrowing all her lights from the senses, and by depending, in her noblest operations, on the images which the imagination represents to her, she cannot know her essence which is entirely spiritual, and she has only feeble conjectures concerning her most excellent qualities: She doubts of her immortality, and to be assured of it she is obliged to call Faith to the assistance of reason, and to believe what she cannot comprehend by evident certainty. But of all things in her, none are so hidden as her Passions; for though they make an impression on the senses by their violence, yet Philosophers are

are divided in opinion concerning their subject and number.

Some believe that they are formed in the body, and others that they reside in the lowest part of the Soul, which they divide into two powers, called Concupiscible and Irascible, assigning to the first the softer passions, and to the second the more untractable; and they would have love and hatred, desire and aversion, joy and sorrow, comprehended in the concupiscible appetite; and fear and courage, hope and despair, anger and cowardice, in the irascible. To establish this difference they say, that the Passions of the Concupiscible regard good and evil as absent or present, and that those of the irascible consider them as difficult; that the first make only incursions and retreats, but that the second fight battles, and win or lose victories; that the former side with the body, and the latter with the mind; that the one are cowardly, and the others generous; and that on account of the opposition of so many contrary qualities, it must be concluded they cannot reside in one and the same part of our Soul.

If it might not be deemed rashness to doubt of this maxim, or to invalidate an

opinion generally received for so many ages past, I should be much inclined to believe, that all those passions are the result of the same Appetite, which is divided by its motions, as the mind is divided by her operations, or as the will is divided by love and hatred. Those different sentiments do not therefore pre-suppose different faculties, since it frequently happens that the same man desires contrary things, yet preserves the unity of his person amidst the variety of his desires: He experiences in himself this conflict, when, as St. Augustine * says, he is inclined to be converted from his evil ways; and then he sees his Soul divided by different sentiments, and is astonished, that having but one will, she is able to form such contrary resolutions. But without engaging in a war wherein more enemies are created than defeated, and wherein the contending parties always fancy they have gained the victory, I content myself with hinting my opinion, instead of insisting on its defence; and so concluding nothing concerning the subject where the Passions reside, I shall speak of their number, and relate what Philosophers have written on this head.

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* August. Confession. l. 8.

The Academicians believed, that there were four principal ones, Desire and Fear, Joy and Grief; and Virgil, who appears in all his works to be a disciple of that ancient Sect, describing the mouvements of our Soul, makes * mention only of these. It seems indeed, that they include all others, despair and aversion being comprehended under fear; and hope, fortitude, and anger, under desire; which altogether terminate in joy or grief. But whatever reasons may be alledged to gloss over this division it is still defective, as not including love and hatred, which are the two first sources of our Passions. They were therefore multiplied by the Peripatetics, who appointed their number according to the different mouvements of our Soul; for she has, say they, either an inclination or aversion for the objects that please or displease her, and this is love and hatred; or she withdraws from them, and it is flight; or she approaches them, and it is desire; or she promises herself the possession of what she wishes, and it is hope;

* Hinc metuunt, capiunt, gaudentque dolentque.
Æneid. l. 6.

hope ; or she cannot defend herself against the evil she apprehends, and it is despair ; or she strives to fight against it, and it is courage ; or she incites and animates herself to conquer it, and it is anger ; or lastly, she possesses good, and it is joy ; or she suffers evil, and it is grief. Some others, who are of the same opinion, prove the diversity of Passions another way, and say that good and evil may be considered in themselves, without any circumstance, exciting love and hatred ; or they may be regarded as absent, producing fear and desire ; or as difficult, causing hope, courage, and anger ; or as impossible, giving birth to despair ; or lastly, as present, filling the Soul with pleasure or pain.

Though these reasons are satisfactory to the mind, yet they do not convince it ; and without giving offence to Philosophy, the sentiments of Plato and Aristotle may be thought perhaps inadmissible. For it seems to me, that they give several names to the same thing, that they divide the unity of love, and take its various effects for different Passions. So that after a due examination of this matter, I am inclined to think, that love is the only Passion whereby we are agitated ; for all those
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mouvements that trouble our Soul are but so many distinguished loves; our fears and our desires, our hopes, and our despairs, our pleasures and our pains, are visages assumed by love according to the good or ill success it meets with; and as the sea bears different names, according to the different parts of the earth it washes with its waters, so love changes its names according to its different situations: In the Pagan mythology each perfection of God passed for a Divinity; in like manner, the qualities of love have been taken by the antient Philosophers for different Passions; and these great men imagined, that as often as it changed its way of acting or employment, it also changed its nature and name. But if this argument was true, the Soul must lose her unity every time she produces different effects; whence she that digests meats, and distributes the blood through the veins, cannot be the same that speaks with the tongue, and hears with the ears.

Reason therefore obliges us to believe that there is but one Passion, and that hope and fear, grief and joy, are the moving springs or properties of love; but to paint and display it in all its colours it
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may be said, that when it languishes after what it loves, it is called Desire; that when it obtains possession, it assumes the name of Pleasure; that when it flies from what it abhors, it is called Fear; and that when, after a long and unavailing defence, it is constrained to suffer, it is called Grief. Or, to express the same thing in clearer terms, desire and flight, hope and fear, are the movements of love, whereby it seeks after what is agreeable, or avoids what is contrary to it; courage and anger are the battles it engages in for defending what it loves; joy is its triumph, despair its weakness, and grief its defeat: Or again, desire is the course of love, fear is its flight, grief is its torment, and joy its repose: It approaches good by desiring it, avoids evil by dreading it, is mournful in feeling pain, and rejoices in tasting pleasure; but in all those different states it is always the same, and amidst this variety of effects retains the unity of its essence.

But if it be true that love constitutes all our Passions, it must sometimes be transformed into its contrary; and by a more incredible metamorphosis than that of the poets be converted into hatred, and produce

duce effects that will belye its temper; for love is obliging, and hatred is malicious; love is generous and takes pleasure in pardoning; hatred is base and meditates nothing but revenge; love grants life to its enemies, hatred procures the death of its most faithful friends; whence, it seems, that vice might be sooner made to agree with virtue, than love with hatred. This objection is very specious, imposing at first sight, but if narrowly inspected into, will be found to have little solidity; and those that form it did not remember, that often the same cause produces contrary effects; that the heat which melts wax, dries clay; that the motion which raises our hearts to Heaven, withdraws us from the earth; that our inclination of self-preservation, is an aversion from every thing that may contribute to hurt us. Thus the love of good is a hatred of evil, and that same Passion which is mild in regard to those who behave obligingly to it exercises severity on offenders; in this, imitating justice, which by the same motion punishes crimes and rewards virtue: It resembles also the Sun, which by the same light makes eagles more quick-sighted and blinds owls; and if we are allowed to form such
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a comparison, it may be said to square its conduct on that of God himself, who hates the prevaricator for no other reason but because he loves himself. If so many good reasons cannot evince so manifest a truth, at least they should induce our adversaries to grant, that if there be several passions, love is the sovereign of them; and that it is so absolute in its dominions, that its subjects never undertake any thing but by its orders: It is the main spring that sets them in motion; and as it gives them motion, so also it gives them rest, irritating and appeasing them by its looks; and its examples have so powerful an ascendant over all the affections of our Soul, that its goodness or malice renders them good or bad.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH IS THE MOST VIOLENT PASSIONS
OF MAN?

IF it be necessary to know diseases in order to their cure, it is not less necessary to be acquainted with the Passions for keeping them under a just regulation, and to know which is that which attacks

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us with most violence. Philosophers are so divided in opinion on this subject, that reason has not yet been able to decide their differences.

Plato has left us in a doubt, without properly resolving the question, having contented himself with saying, that there were four passions which seemed in violence to surpass the rest. The first is voluptuous pleasure, which, though it affects the mildest dispositions, is exceeding furious, and resists reason with more obstinacy than pain. The second is anger, which being nothing else, according to Aristotle's definition, than the * ferment of the blood about the heart, must be excessively violent: If nature, ever vigilant over our preservation, did not stifle it immediately after its birth, there is no evil it would not be capable of; and it is a question whether any thing could be a sufficient barrier against its fury: But whatever violence may be attributed to it, I hold it to be more reasonable than voluptuousness; for lions are sooner tamed than fishes, an angry man is sooner appeased than the voluptuous

* Fervor sanguinis circa cor.

Aristot.

tuous reclaimed ; and experience teaches us, that of these two passions the milder is the less tractable, and the more furious the less obstinate. The third is the desire of honour, which is so powerfully impressed on the Soul of man, that there is no difficulty but it surmounts : It is this that makes Conquerors, that inspires Soldiers with courage, that renders Orators eloquent, and Philosophers learned ; for all its different conditions are animated by the same desire ; and though following different routes, tend to the same end. The fourth is the fear of death, which by its frequent alarms troubles the whole tranquil state of our life ; it produces such strange effects that its nature cannot be discovered ; and timid, the shadow of evil being sufficient to dismay it, yet it makes men courageous, obliging them to seek after a certain death to avoid one that is uncertain : It gives new strength to the conquered, and, assisted by despair, wins the battle it had just before lost. It is difficult enough to judge which of those two Passions is the stronger, having by turns triumphed over each other ; and as the fear of death has made the desire of honour to be forgotten, so also sometimes the

the desire of honour has occasioned the despising of the fear of death.

Though I conceive a high esteem for Plato, and though even the ravings of that Philosopher seem to be more noble and elevated than the reasonings of Aristotle, I cannot side with him on this occasion, much less approve his opinion, notwithstanding all the substantial reasons it may be supported with: For voluptuousness is not so much a particular passion as the source of those that afford us some contentment, and it is not so violent but it may be easily checked by pain; it has no advantage but in the absence of its enemy, and it does not corrupt men but when it finds no resistance. So soon as the contest is disputed, it easily yields, and experience teaches us, that a slight wound makes us readily to forget an extreme pleasure. Anger is indeed more ardent, but it has no duration, unless converted into hatred; its effects need not therefore be apprehended, being more sudden than violent; but to express properly its nature, it may be said that it is capable of an ill action, but that it cannot conceive a wicked design. The desire of glory is an eternal passion; age, which enfeebles all others,

PART I. D for-

fortifies it, and it seems that this * evil has no remedy but death : It is nevertheless cured by ill success, and the loss of two or three battles converts it into melancholy. Hannibal after his defeat no longer flattered himself with notions of honour ; if he passed from kingdom to kingdom to solicit princes for forming a party against the Romans, it was rather despair than ambition that prompted him ; and this unfortunate Captain did not so much go in quest of making an addition to his glory as preserving his life. It is well known that Marius was haughty after his defeat, and that though a prisoner he still aspired to the Consulship : His temper did not alter with his condition ; in irons he dreamt of diadems, and when he had lost his own liberty, he still harboured the design of oppressing that of the Republic : But this passion was supported by another ; when he rallied his troops to restore the battle, he was not so much egged on by glory as vexation, and whoever could have pryed narrowly into his heart, might have remarked in it more anger than courage,
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* *Novissima omnium cupido gloriæ exuitur.* Tacit in Agric.

more hatred than ambition. This passion subsists only by hope; and when fortune has turned its back on it, timidity succeeds. Alexander would have been contented with Greece, if he had found resistance in Persia; an unprosperous event would have taught him to fix bounds to his desires; that great heart to which the world seemed too little, would have circumscribed itself within the states of his father, if so many happy victories, which exceeded even his hopes, had not puffed up his ambition, and promised him the conquest of the whole earth. The fear of death is only a vulgar passion; generous Souls despise it, and baser Souls ward it off by hope, the faithful companion of the unhappy; but when the presence of evil forces this companion to desert them, despair succeeds, shewing by its effects that it is able to surmount the most firm constancy of Philosophers.

All these reasons oblige me to reject Plato's opinion; so that there remains only to examine those Aristotle advances in defence of his own. He seems to maintain in some parts of his writings, that hatred is the most violent passion that transports us. In fact, anger, which just now seemed to

so dreadful, is nothing more than a disposition to hatred; which cannot attain to its malice without being nurtured by suspicions, fomented by defamation, and kept up by length of time: But when once changed into hatred, there is scarce any mischief but it is capable of. It resides in the heart as well as love, and seated in the throne love should occupy, it gives orders as a Sovereign, and employs all the other passions to satiate its rage: Anger furnishes it with arms, courage fights for it, hope promises it good success, and despair often gives it victory; but what surpasses all belief, it borrows forces from love though its enemy, and by an effect very expressive of its power, obliges the softest of the passions to serve as the minister of its detestable designs; it * imitates its motions, walks in its footsteps, and perverting its maxims, is intent upon doing as much evil as love is upon doing good, and of leaving as many marks of its fury, as love of its goodness: But if it be true, that copies never equal originals; whatever efforts hatred may exert, it will never come near the power of love; and

* *Siqueris odio misera quem statuas modum imitare a morem. Seneca in Medea.*

and as it models itself thereon, love will always have the advantage over it.

Pursuant to this notion there have been some Philosophers, who would not join Aristotle, in opinion and paying a greater deference to reason than his authority, were persuaded that Jealousy was the most violent of all the Passions: And indeed, it must be confessed, that if this opinion is not the truest, it is at least the most specious; for jealousy is composed of love and hatred; and as contraries cannot abide together without contention, those two inimical passions must necessarily wage war against each other, and all the other passions that are subject to them, must take up arms for defending their respective interests; because the jealous being struck with love and hatred, must of consequence be seized with fear and boldness, hope and despair, joy and sorrow. Thus the Scripture, eloquent even in its simplicity, finding nothing sufficiently expressive of the rage of jealousy, goes to seek out * death in graves, and hell in the bowels of the earth, to give us a faint pic-

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* Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave. The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Solom. Song. C. 8. v. 6.

ture of it. According to this maxim, one might be apt to conclude that the jealous are the damned of this world, and that the passion they are tormented with is a punishment equalling that of the Devil's. After the authority of the Scripture one might be thought rash to dispute this opinion, and it seems that all things conspire to make it pass for true; yet it is not without its weak side, and the reasons it produces in its defence may serve to make it inadmissible: For tho' jealousy be a mixture of love and hatred, it does not follow that it is the most violent of our passions; even those that compose it would not agree together, if they were not softened, and as the elements cannot constitute the same body unless their qualities be moderated, so all those passions cannot form jealousy unless tempered and mollified; love must weaken hatred, joy moderate grief, and hope soften despair. It has been observed that two poisons taken together lose their force, and that serving as an antidote to one another, they are harmless, or if they do harm, they cure it; thus in jealousy love is the antidote of hatred; and the jealous person suffers little harm, because he has many passions, and can boast that by a strange destiny,
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he owes his safety to the number of his enemies.

But since, after destroying fallacy and lies, it is necessary to establish truth, we may say that by our principles this question is not hard to be resolved; for as we acknowledge but one passion which is love, and as all the other passions are but effects produced by it, we are obliged to confess, that they borrow all their force from their cause, and have no other violence but what is inherent to it. In fact, Love is a Sovereign that impresses its qualities on its subjects; it is a General that inspires its soldiery with its courage, it is a main spring quickening into constant motion all the wheels in its machinery: And hence morality ought to be intirely employed in the regulating of love; for when, indeed, it is well regulated, all other passions will imitate it; and the man, who knows how to love well, will have no vicious desires nor vain hopes to moderate,

CHAPTER V.

WHETHER THERE WERE PASSIONS IN
THE STATE OF INNOCENCE, AND OF THE
SAME NATURE AS OURS ?

SO long a time has elapsed since we forfeited our innocence, that we now retain but a feeble idea of it, and if the divine Justice did not still punish the crime of the father in the persons of the children, we should have also lost the regret of it. Every one, as fancy leads him, describes the felicity of that state, or rather, following the bent of his own inclinations, places in it the pleasures he knows and desires. Some say, that the whole earth was a Paradise ; that of the seasons our years consist of, there were only the Autumn and Spring ; that all the trees had the property of the orange, and that at all times they were loaded with leaves, flowers, and fruits : Others were persuaded that no other winds blew but the Zephyrs, and that the earth without culture, anticipated our wantss and was productive of all things. I think, that without maintaining these

these opinions, it may be said, that in this happy condition, good was not mingled with evil, and that the qualities of the elements were so well tempered, that man received contentment from them, and felt no cause of displeasure. There were no disorders that required reformation, no enemies to fight against, no calamities to be avoided. All creatures conspired to his felicity, the beasts of the field respected his person, and perhaps those of the forest had no fierce nor savage dispositions. As the earth did not bear thorns, and as all its parts were fruitful or agreeable, so the sky and air shed no malign or contagious influence, and that star which dispenses life and death in nature, constantly held forth the serene and enlivening aspect of the most engaging charms. If, however, there is little certainty in regard to the state of man, there is not more as to what concerns his person: We philosophize according to our sentiments, and as in the first ages of the world almost all manner of persons made for themselves idols, so now every one fabricates a felicity for Adam, and gives him all imaginable advantages.

Amidst so great a multiplicity of opinions or errors, it may with good reason
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be said, without determining any thing in particular, that though we cannot describe either the beauty of the place where man made his residence, or the advantages of his mind and body, yet we are in some measure obliged to believe that he found in his habitation all he could wish for, and experienced nothing in his person to incommode him : His constitution was excellent, his health could admit of no alteration ; and if time might weaken it, he had a remedy at hand to prevent that calamity by the use of the fruit of life, which recruiting his strength, would supply him with new vigour. He was immortal not by nature, but by grace ; and he was sensible that sin could not deprive him of life unless he had forfeited his innocence : His soul was not less happily disposed of than his body ; for besides his having all sciences by infusion, he knew all the secrets of nature, and was ignorant of nothing that might contribute to his happiness ; his memory was perfect, and his will entertained no inclinations but such as were good ; his affections were regular, and though he was not insensible, his temper was so even that nothing could disturb his quiet : The Passions that get the start
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of reason by their violence, waited his orders, and never rose up without being commanded; in short, his passions were not less natural than ours, but they were tractable; and as his constitution made him capable of our motions, original Justice exempted him from all their disorders.

I know not whether I run counter to the opinion of divines, but it seems to me, in as great a degree as one may hazard a conjecture amidst this gloom of darkness, that I do not offend truth. For, if man, by being composed of a body, was mortal; and if, by being honoured with original grace, he was immortal, it seems that by the same induction it may be inferred, that by not being a pure spirit, he had passions, but that being sanctified in all the faculties of his soul, he had none but what were innocent. To give this reasoning all the force it ought to have, it will be necessary to extend its principle and to prove, that man could die by losing justice, and that immortality was rather a grace of Heaven, than property of his nature. For if he had been truly immortal, he would have no occasion for aliments, and if death had not been natural to him, he would not have
wanted

wanted a privilege to secure him from it. Having eaten to preserve life, he could lose it; and being obliged to guard against old age by the use of a miraculous fruit, there was an evident possibility of his dying, and of his life, as well as ours, requiring remedies against death. I confess that these remedies being more effectual than ours, repaired his strength to greater advantage, and that in prolonging the course of his life, they always kept at a distance the hour of his death: I also allow that they banished the corruptibility of his body, and kept it in so perfect a state of health, as not to admit of an indisposition; yet, still it must be granted me, that if man had not used these remedies, natural heat would have consumed the radical moisture, and old age succeeding this disorder, would have infallibly brought him to death. All these maxims are so true that there is a necessity of acknowledging, that if the use of the tree of life was permitted us in our present state, death would cause no more ravages in the world; and that man, criminal as he is, would notwithstanding be immortal. If then Adam could die because he had a body, and if he could not die because he had grace, it appears that in a proportionate degree

degree he had passions, since his soul was engaged in matter, but that these passions were docile, because original Justice quelled their motions, and because in this condition his fears were just, and hopes reasonable.

I likewise think that there might be some passions whose use was forbidden him, and tho' capable of them, he was not affected by them, because they would have disturbed his tranquillity. I have no difficulty in believing that evil being banished from the Earth, melancholy and despair were so also from his heart; and that during so consummate a felicity, reason was not obliged to excite those passions, which are only the portion of the wretched: But, indeed, I hold it for certain, that he made use of all others; and that reflecting on the laws imposed on him by his Sovereign, he was sometimes flattered by hopes, sometimes struck with fear, and kept to his duty by both together. I make no doubt also, but that in the unhappy conference held by our indiscreet Mother with the Devil disguised as a Serpent, she was seized by all the passions that attack persons, who consult on an affair of importance; that the promises of the Devil awaked her hopes, that the menaces of God excited her fear; and

and that the beauty of the forbidden fruit irritated her desire. I do not know whether any other can imagine this conference to be carried on without an alteration, or that so great a conflict should take place in the terrestrial paradise, without the Woman's employing all these passions, either in her own defence or in suffering herself to be conquered. So that we should not so much exclude Passions from the Soul of Adam as their disorder, judging that this could not agree with original justice; and therefore I am persuaded that man felt all our emotions in the state of innocence; that he feared chastisements and hoped for rewards; that by using his senses, as constituting a part of his body, he used also his passions, as being a part of his soul; and that, in fine, they were not different from ours by nature, but only by their obedience.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

WHETHER THERE WERE PASSIONS IN
JESUS CHRIST, AND IN WHAT RESPECTS
THEY WERE DIFFERENT FROM OURS?

ONE must be ignorant of all the principles of the Christian Religion, if he did not know that the Son of God was pleased to take upon him our nature with all its infirmities; and that except Ignorance and Sin, which are incompatible with the sanctity of his person, he vouchsafed to bear the load of our miseries, conversing with men under the appearance of a Sinner. Hence it happened, that during the course of his mortal life, he stood in need of preserving it by food, repairing his strength by rest and sleep, and taking all the remedies which Providence has appointed for the cure of those natural maladies. He was subject to the injuries of the weather, to the irregularities of the seasons; he has been seen shivering with cold during the rigours of winter, and bathed in sweat during the heats of summer: The Elements did not spare him, and if they revered him

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as God, they persecuted him as man; even the creatures that obeyed his word, waged war against his body; the waves that subsided at his waking, had attacked the vessel that carried him; the hunger he had subdued in the Deserts, pressed hard upon him in cities, and he felt on the cross the cruelty of death, from which he had delivered the person of Lazarus.

Now, as Passions are the most natural weaknesses of man, he was not willing to exempt himself from them, and he permitted that they should be to us, as well proofs of his love, as assurances of the truth of his Incarnation. He mingled his tears with those of Magdalen, and tho' he might remedy her afflictions by his power, he was pleased to feel them by compassion: Before he wrought a miracle, he was willing to give admittance to a weakness, and to weep for the death of one whom he was going to raise to life. He often permitted one to take possession of his heart, and by a strange wonder made joy compatible with it. In his blessed soul, using those passions according to the various occurrences of his life; whence he taught us that he had despised nothing in man, having taken upon him his infirmities, and that he loved his
nature

nature as cherishing even its faults: For to be persuaded that his sentiments were imaginary, is, indeed, to call in question the mystery of the incarnation; to impose a lie on truth, and with a view perhaps of rendering a vain honour to Christ, to make us doubt of all the proofs of his love. Having a real body, he could not have false passions, and being real man, he must have been really afflicted. This truth cannot admit of a doubt, without invalidating that of our belief; for if it be allowed to make the tears of the Son of God pass for illusions, his sufferings will be made to pass for impostures; and under the shadow of reverence, the whole work of our Salvation will meet with a downfall.

But in establishing the love of the Son of God, we must be exceeding careful to commit no offence against his greatness; and in attributing passion to him, we must guaranty him for their disorders: For we are not allowed to believe that they were irregular as our own, or that they stood in need of all those virtues that are necessary to us for keeping them in subjection. He was absolute master of them, and they depended on his will in their birth, their progress and their duration; in their birth,

PART I.

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because they never rose up but by his order, and always waited for reason to make them subservient to his designs.

Our own passions very frequently surprise us, and are so prompt for motion, that the wisest cannot restrain their first fallies; they have such a propensity to disorder, that the least occasion transports them with impetuous heat; their sleep is so slumbering that the least alarm is sufficient to wake them; they are so fond of war, that upon a trivial provocation, they take up arms, and commit more devastation even on their own territories than a hostile army would; their disorder proceeds not so much from objects as their own humour, and the storms they raise resemble those that come from the bottom of the sea, rising by their own motion: But in Christ, they did not raise storms; or if sometimes their waves swelled, it was by the guidance of reason, which constantly reserved to itself the power of appeasing the trouble it had occasioned; and as their birth depended on his will, they also made no progress but by its leave, and their motion proceeded only from a cause that was rational.

Men place their affections on things that do not deserve their love, and often conceive

ceive strong passions on very frivolous occasions. An indiscretion kindles all their wrath; and without considering the difference of crimes, they punish as rigorously an unguarded expression as a murder: Their ambition is blind, their desires are immoderate, their grief is ridiculous; and whoever would take the pains of comparing all their passions with the causes that produce them, would find that they are all strongly marked with injustice. A Consul had a slave devoured by lampreys for no other reason than breaking a glass; the anger of a prince to revenge the injury done a brazen or marble image, put to death seven thousand men, the living images of God: Grief has erected idols to procure for itself some consolation; mournful parents not able to bring back their children to life, deified them, and by an excess of love and sorrow, built them temples, after raising sepulchres to them: In short, all the movements of our soul are unreasonable; we cannot moderate our joys, nor our displeasures; our hatred exceeds the injuries we have received; our love is more ardent than the object that kindles it, and we conceive fond hopes for perishable goods: But the passions of the Son of God

were so regular, that nothing but the greatness of the cause exciting them, was observable in their emotions. He was only animated to just indignation for revenging the injuries of his Father, or for chastising the impiety of those that deserved it, and if he saw no perfections in his friends, he loved those he designed to implant in them; and by loving them he made them worthy of his love. He conceived no grief but on great occasions, and tho' the Cross was a sufficient object for sadness, I believe that his soul was more affected by the horror of our sins, than by the shame or cruelty of his punishment. Such regular Passions ceased when he pleased, and their duration was not less subject to his empire than their progress.

We are far from being masters of our own. In their birth they despise our advice, in their progression they mock our counsels. They do not stop but when they are tired, and we are indebted for our respite not so much to their obedience as to their weakness. When violent, our cares cannot conquer them, and some of them are so stubborn, that they will sink with us into the grave. We therefore should endeavour to keep them in awe at their birth, and to consult our
reason

reason to know if it be advisable to make soldiers take the field, who despise the authority of their chief when they are under arms: The commencement of a war depends often on the two parties; but its end always on the victorious, and it is not easy to induce this party to peace when it finds its advantages by continuing the war. All those rules are proved false in the Passions of Christ; he carried them to a high pitch when the subject required it, and tho' flaming hot, they cooled the moment he ordered them: As their fire was reasonable, it was extinguished as easy as it was kindled, so that joy immediately succeeded sorrow, and sweetness took the same place on his face that indignation had just before occupied.

It is perhaps on this account that some would not allow the emotions of the Soul of Christ to be called Passions, believing it would be doing an injury to their innocence to rank them with criminals, and that it was unjust to assign the same name to things, whose conditions were so different. But all knew that qualities do not change nature; and that the passions of the Son of God, tho' more obedient than ours, were not less natural. It is, in my opi-

nion, a new obligation we are under to his goodness, that he did not contemn our weaknesſes. He will reproach us eternally, if we have not deſires for his glory, ſince he had deſires for our Salvation; if we do not ſhed tears for his injuries, ſince he ſhed his blood for our ſins: And, he will have juſt reaſon to complain of our ingratitude, if our Paſſions do not contribute to teſtify to him our love, ſince he employed all his own to give us full aſſurances of his charity,

BOOK I.

B O O K II.

OF THE DISORDER OF THE PASSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE CORRUPTION OF NATURE BY SIN.

THOUGH there are many wonders in Man that deserve to be considered, and though the qualities he is possessed of, make us acquainted with the greatness and power of him who performed the admirable work of his creation, yet there is not one more remarkable in him than his continuation; for he is composed of body and mind, he unites heaven with earth in his person, and more monstrous than the Centaurs of the Fable, he is at once Angel and Beast. As the power of God appeared in the union of those two so different parts, his wisdom was not less conspicuous in their harmony and good understanding; for though they had contrary inclinations, the one stooping towards the earth out of which it had been formed, and the other soaring towards heaven whence it derived

its original, yet God tempered so well their desires, and in the diversity of their conditions, united so intimately their wills by original justice, that the soul bore a part in all the gratifications of the body without doing herself an injury, and the body served all the designs of the soul without using violence against itself. In this happy state the soul commanded with lenity, the body obeyed with pleasure, and whatever object presented itself, both parties remained in perfect agreement.

But this happiness lasted only as long as our first Parent remained submissive to God. So soon as he had listened to the suggestions of the Devil, and solicited by his promises, had complied with his intentions, his punishment became like unto his crime, his disobedience being punished by a general rebellion. All creatures conspired against him, and his subjects, in order to be instrumental to the justice of God, became his enemies. The revolt passed from his state to his person; his body rose up against his mind. This intestine war was the more easily fomented between the two parties, their peace having been not so much the effect of Nature as of Grace; the hatred that succeeded their love was the more violent

lent from being animated by sin, which being purely a disorder, spreads division every where, and gratifies its own rage, by executing the sentence of the divine Justice. Whence, the greatness of the rebellion suffered by man, will be no subject of astonishment, since it deduces its origin from two principles so powerful, and since the parties that compose it are animated to the combat by the contrariety of their inclinations, and the malice of the sin they are possessed by. The Apostle of the Gentiles finding no other remedy for this evil but death, wished for it as a favour, demanding the most rigorous of our punishments. He has prepared in his writings all Christians for this warfare, and he has made them to understand that man cannot expect peace in this life: “For the * flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.”

From this great disorder proceeded that of our passions; for though as daughters of the body and soul, being equally produced by both, they should use their best endeavours

* Gal. c. 5. v. 17.

vours to make them agree, yet these unnatural daughters foment their divisions, and according as they hold more of the mind, or of the body, espouse the party of either, and perform no act of obedience that is not accompanied with some symptoms of rebellion. The appetite which we call Concupiscible, holds intelligence almost always with the body, and that which we call Irascible, favours almost always the mind: The first engages us in pleasures, and detains us in infamous indolence; the second arms us against pain, and animates us to generous actions. In this perpetual contrast the mind of man is never tranquil, and he is constrained to nurture vipers that devour him.

Philosophers were very sensible of this unhappy state, but believed it was in the will only and not in nature; they were persuaded that opinion and bad institutions had caused all these disorders; and as a disease is cured by its contrary, so this might be remedied by sound doctrine and good education. They established Academies wherein they disputed concerning the Sovereign Good; they made panegyrics on virtue and invectives against vice; they declaimed against the irregularity of the passions,

passions, and measuring their forces by their desires, promised themselves victories and triumphs. But not finding out the source of the evil, they were never able to find a remedy for it: Amidst the weaknesses they experienced, and the vain efforts they made, they were obliged to accuse nature, and to complain even of that Sovereign power, which had composed man of pieces that would not match. A little light would undoubtedly have rectified their notions, and a Chapter of St. Paul would have made known the truth to them; for by agreeing with us that God is infallible in his works, and too just to require of us things that surpass our power, they were under the necessity of concluding that our disorder was the punishment of our crime, and that the infirmities we groaned under, were not so much the effect of our nature as a chastisement from the justice of God. By thinking in this manner, they would have endeavoured to appease him whom they had offended, and confessing their weakness, would have implored his power. But pride blinded them, and to use the expressions of Seneca against himself, they chose rather to accuse Providence than to acknowledge their misery, and impute their

their disorders to his rigour than their own offences: They could not, or would not comprehend what reason taught them, before Faith had published it by the mouth of St. Paul, that the rebellion of the flesh against the Spirit, is not a condition of nature, but a punishment of sin.

From what has been here said it is easy to conclude, that since man is criminal, since his Passions are rebellious, since the Mind that ought to keep them under a just regulation, is overshadowed with darkness, and the will that ought to moderate them, is depraved, there is a necessity of having recourse to Grace, and request of Mercy that which Justice has taken from us. The Power that formerly made the body and soul to agree, must now decide their differences. If the condition of this miserable life does not permit our enjoyment of an intire peace, we must seek out forces to arm them for battle, and if we cannot avoid the calamities of war, we may hope at least for the advantages of victory,

CHAPTER II.

THAT NATURE ALONE CANNOT REGULATE THE PASSIONS OF MAN.

THE Philosophers who have declared themselves enemies of the Passions, cannot be properly judges in a cause wherein they are parties; yet their judgments have some colour of justice, and not without reason, they confound our Passions with vices: For in the state sin has reduced us to, we have no sentiments that are pure; and our nature being corrupt, all its inclinations must consequently be disorderly, and the rivulets troubled, that flow from so turbid a source.

I am sensible that Philosophers will never agree to this truth, much less suffer our imputing error to nature, whom they take for guide; neither will they countenance the dishonouring of her, all whose motions they esteem so regular. They profess following her in all things, and hold that to live happily, we must live naturally. Libertines ground themselves on the authority of this maxim, and endeavour to
excuse

excuse their disorders by a doctrine they do not understand; for if they had studied in the school of the stoics, they would find that those Philosophers had presupposed that Nature was in her primitive purity, and that they abided by her guidance, chiefly, because they imagined she had preserved her innocence. They therefore banished from their sages, and even from their disciples, all those affections which are made to pass for natural, and by a generous but vain effort, would have us be as regular in the state of sin, as in that of original Justice.

But Christians, who have learned from the Holy Scriptures that Nature is fallen from her primitive purity, are obliged to acknowledge that the Passions have revolted, and that in order to keep them in subjection, reason must be assisted by Grace. And indeed, there are none but see that the mind is intangled in error, and that it receives promiscuously falsehood with truth; that the will adheres more to apparent than real good, that its interest is the rule of its inclinations, that it loves not what is good but what is agreeable, that it knows by experience it has lost much of its liberty, and that if sin has not deprived it of all the
love

love it had for good, there remain to it only feeble succours and fruitless desires for its acquisition. As the will also has so few effective powers left for acquiring good, it has still fewer for regulating its passions, and tho' it does not approve their disorders, it cannot apply a remedy. Often, by a strange misshap, it fomenters their sedition which it ought to put a stop to; and not to afflict subjects, becomes the accomplice of their crimes. The Christian Philosopher is therefore obliged to implore the aid of Heaven to conquer those rebels, and confessing that his reason is weak, he seeks for external help, and begs earnestly for the favour of him who permitted the disorder of nature for the punishment of her sin.

But let us not be accused of being enemies to the grandeur of man, and of making his disaster greater than it is: We confess that nature is good in herself, and of this, sin itself is an excellent proof; for sin being a nothingness, it cannot subsist of itself; to maintain and preserve itself it must adhere to a subject that supports and shares with it the being it is possessed of. Thus evil is grafted upon good, and sin is proped up upon nature, which indeed, sustains

tains great damage from so bad a guest; yet does not lose all her advantages: As she retains her being, she must retain also some goodness; as she is not animated for becoming criminal, she must in her misery still enjoy some happiness, and even in her crime there must still remain with her some tincture of innocence. Undoubtedly the being of man is laudable, but his sin is blamable, and it cannot be blamed more reasonably than by shewing that it dishonours him by its contagion, who was honourable by his nature. If we therefore consider nature in herself, she has lost nothing of her goodness; but if we consider her under the tyranny of sin, she has almost lost the use of it, and she cannot make use of her faculties, unless delivered from the enemy that holds her captive; herein, like unto those birds that are taken in nets, they have wings and cannot fly, they love liberty and cannot recover it. Thus men in the state of sin, have still good inclinations, but cannot follow them; they have good designs, but cannot execute them; and more unfortunate than captive birds, they love their prison and fawn upon their persecuting tyrant. In this deplorable condition they stand in need of Grace to comfort

fort and give them strength, if not to deliver them intirely from the tormentor, at least to restore to them the liberty of acting, and to put them in a condition of practising virtue, resisting vice, and governing their passions.

The necessity we impose on man of having recourse to Grace, ought not to seem so painful, since even before his disorder he had an occasion for foreign help, and could not in his natural purity avoid sin without supernatural help; for he is so constituted that in all his motions he is obliged to have recourse to God, and being his image he cannot act but by his spirit. Though human nature had remained in that integrity in which God had created it, yet it could not have preserved itself from sin without his Grace; if man therefore without grace cannot preserve the purity he had received, how shall he without the same grace recover the purity he had lost? He must resolve then upon submitting to his Creator, if he is willing to subdue his passions, and he must devote himself to his service, if he is willing to be reasonable. There ought likewise to be some relation between our gain and our loss; and as our Passions did not rebel against the mind, till the mind

had rebelled against God, there is good reason to believe that they will not obey the mind, till the mind is obedient to God; and as our unhappiness arises from our rebellion, in like manner our happiness must proceed from our subjection.

If profane Philosophers object to us, that reason was granted to us in vain for ruling our passions, if left destitute of power; and that nature is an useless guide, if she wants to guide herself: They must be satisfied by experience, and taught without having recourse to the Scripture, that there are disorders in man which reason alone cannot regulate, and that we are afflicted with ailments, which nature cannot cure without grace.

C H A P T E R III.

THAT ON ACCOUNT OF THE DISORDER
OF OUR PASSIONS, GRACE IS NECESSARY
FOR CONDUCTING THEM.

THOSE that are instructed in the mysteries of the Christian Religion, confess that the Grace which JESUS CHRIST has merited for us, surpasses infinitely that which Adam had robbed us of. Its advantages

vantages are so great, that they exceed all our desires, and the most ambitious could never have wished for the felicity it gives us the hopes of, besides raising us above our condition, it promises us a happiness equal to that of the Angels; it gives us JESUS CHRIST for our Chief, and unites us so intimately with him, that it obliges his father to acknowledge us for his children: But all these privileges regard rather futurity than the present time, and though we have the sureties of these great promises, we do not yet possess all their effects: The Grace which acquires for us a right to them, resides in the bottom of our soul, and sanctifying it, leaves the body engaged in sin; it begins the work of our salvation, and does not finish it; it divides the two parts that compose man, and giving strength to the mind, and introduces a division into their unity; for it is the superior part of the soul that is fully replenished with the effects of Grace, and in Baptism receives that divine character, which gives us a right to Heaven as to our inheritance; whence an * Apostle calls us imperfect works, and the beginnings of a new Creature. We

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* James c. i. v.

belong to Christ according to the mind only, and he is the father only of that noble part which he has enriched by his merits; but that which is engaged in the body, and which by an unhappy necessity sees herself obliged to animate its disorders, and to foment its passions, if not intirely delivered from the tyranny of sin: She groans under the weight of her shackles, and that glorious Captive is constrained to bewail the rigour of her servitude, whilst her sister tastes the sweets of liberty. For Baptism does not take away concupiscence, but moderates it; and whatever strength it may give our soul, it leaves with her a kind of languor, which she cannot be cured of but in the state of glory. It is true that this weakness is not a sin, and though the source all others flow from, it does not make us culpable but when by our baseness we follow its motions.

And it cannot be said, to save the honour of our soul, that this disorder is in our body, and that she is only affected by it out of compassion, or infected only by contagion; for besides that original sin, of which this disorder is an effect, resides in her substance, it is well known that the body is incapable of acting of itself, that the
soul

soul which animates it must necessarily occasion its rebellion, and inspire it with irregular motions and desires. It is the soul that quickens the flesh against the spirit, and by not being entirely possessed by grace, is found to remain still subservient to sin: It is the soul that stirs up the passions, by a strange blindness supplying them with the arms that wound herself, and fomenting the sedition that disturbs her tranquility. Sound Philosophy gives us a full conviction of this truth; for it evidently appears from its principles, that the body does nothing without the soul, and when even it seems to undertake any thing against her, it is in consequence of the helps received from her. Being therefore herself the source of evil, it is without reason she complains of the rebellion of the body, which of all the crimes she imputes to it, is only the accomplice but not the author.

Now, as the passions reside in that part of the soul which is still infected by sin, we need not be astonished if they are rebellious, since their parent is disobedient; much less need we imagine that grace stifles them, since it leaves in rebellion the very power that produces them. All that can be expected from the guidance of grace is,

that it checks their impetuosity, represses their violence, and prevents their first motions: This is one of its principal occupations; for having obliged the mind to know God, and the will to love him, it extends its care to the soul, and endeavours to calm the disorder of her passions. It does not undertake to destroy them, knowing this to be a work reserved for glory; but it exerts its utmost to bring them under a proper regulation; and as it makes a good use of sin for humbling us, so also it makes a wise use of their rebellion for exercising us, proposing to them innocent objects to make them instrumental to virtue; and rendering them, as St. Paul says, Ministers of Justice: For Christian humility is an enemy to stoical vanity, and being very sensible that we are not Angels but men, it does not make vain efforts to destroy a part of us, but obliges us to avail ourselves of our faults, and to manage so well our passions, that they may obey reason, or engage it in no conflicts but for yielding it victory. In an upright man we should not so much consider the origin, as the cause of his anger; nor reflect on the greatness of his sorrow but the subject of it; nor trouble ourselves so much to know whether he

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is afraid, as to know why he is so; for if he is angry against a sinner for correcting him, if he is afflicted with a wretch for comforting him, and if by his fear he averts misfortune from a man who was going to ruin himself, there can be no judge so severe as to condemn such useful Passions, and he must even want judgment, if he prohibited such innocent affections.

Nothing therefore but the excess in Passions is blameable. Reason aided by grace should exert all its industry to govern them. Concupiscence is the source they spring from, and it ought to be the business of reason to dry it up, using also all possible endeavours to retrench their unhappy effects, by laying the axe to the root of the cause that produces them. The enemy we attack is innate with us; he collects his strength from ours; he grows up with us as we ourselves grow up; and he grows weak when we grow old. So far are we under an obligation to old age for depriving this enemy of vigour by diminishing that of our body; but in an action so important to our salvation, we should not leave all to age; we ought rather to enter early upon a war that is to last as long as our life, and diminish our strength to weaken that of our adversary. Being born with Con-

piscence, we must be careful not to assign it seconds by our neglect, and so create for ourselves new enemies. Let us therefore remember that we have entered upon the stage of this life with it, and that our honour is concerned in making it die before us.

This victory is rather to be wished than hoped for; and indeed, there have been none so just who have defeated this monster, but at the expence of their life; for though they fight against Concupiscence, oppose its desires, and study its motions with the view only of curbing them; yet, in this conflict they are sometimes conquered, and sometimes victorious, their advantages are not pure, and their best success is found mingled with some disgrace: They must die to kill that enemy, and they must see themselves reduced to the necessity of wishing their own death to forward his. To have no Concupiscence, is perfection; not to obey its suggestions, is engaging in battles; by courageously opposing its attack, victory may be expected; but yet, it cannot be obtained till death is happily consummated by life in the reign of glory. Whence I infer, that since grace cannot extinguish Concupiscence, it cannot destroy the Passions; so that all
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the assistance from it man can well hope for, is to manage them with so much address, that they may be in readiness to defend the party of virtue, and fight against that of vice.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT OPINION AND THE SENSES ARE
THE CAUSES OF THE DISORDER OF OUR
PASSIONS.

THOUGH sin is the fruitful spring of all our ills, and though all the miseries we experience are the punishments of our crime, it seems notwithstanding that we take pleasure in accumulating them by our ill conduct, and that we daily invent new pains and troubles, to which the divine Justice had not condemned us. We are very sensible that our Passions have rebelled, and that reason cannot govern them without the assistance of grace, yet we foment their disorders, and to make them more insolent, admit opinions that blow up their fire into a greater blaze. For of all the passions that rise up in our soul, there are not two that take truth for their guide; and the evils they apprehend, or the goods they

they desire, are often more apparent than real. To remedy this disorder, it must be known, and its birth and progress must be examined into. Opinion is not so much a judgment of the mind as of the imagination, whereby it approves or condemns the things represented to it by the senses. This evil is the most ordinary of our life, and if it was as constant as it is common, our condition would be very deplorable; but it changes every moment; that which gives it birth, causes its death, and the imagination deserts it with as much celerity and ease as it had received it. Our senses and the reports of the world contribute to its origin, so that it is no wonder, if the best established opinion cannot long subsist, having so tottering a foundation; for our senses are liars, and as enchanted mirrors, representing objects to us in the garb of disguise; the report they make is always interested, and according to the attachment they seek with objects, they endeavour to engage the imagination as an accomplice.

When I consider the soul as a prisoner in her body, I lament, indeed, her condition, and am not astonished at her so often mistaking falsehood for truth, which finds admission to her through the channel of the senses.

senses. That divine spirit is shut up in her body, without having any other knowledge but what she borrows from its eyes or ears; and these two senses, which nature seems to have particularly affected for science, are so deceitful, that most of their advices are impostures: Blindness may be therefore, in a great measure, preferable to their false lights, and it would have been much better if they had left us in our ignorance, than procured us such malign and doubtful knowledge. They only consider the appearance of things; accidents attract their attention; their weakness cannot penetrate to the substance: They resemble the Sun, and by borrowing from him all their light, endeavour to imitate him in their operations. Everyone judges that this beautiful Star is extremely useful to us when it appears over our horizon, and restores to nature the beauties darkness had robbed her of. But, indeed, the utility does not compensate the damage we sustain from it; for when it discovers to us the earth it hides from us the heavens; when it exposes to our eyes lilies and roses, it conceals from them the Stars, and deprives them of the sight of the most beautiful part of the world. In like manner the senses deprive

us of the knowledge of divine things, to give us only a sight of human; they let us see the appearance only of objects and hide from us their reality; we remain ignorant under those bad masters, and our imagination receiving no other information than from the reports they make, we can conceive nothing but false opinions.

Upon this account I find that nature treats us more severely than Religion, and that it is much more difficult to be reasonable than strong in faith; for though the truths proposed to us by Religion, are so sublime, that our minds cannot comprehend them; though it requires of us a blind obedience; and though to believe its mysteries, we must keep our reason submissive, must captivate our intellects, and believe none of the relations of our senses; yet this command is not injurious: If it deprives us of liberty, it reserves to us the honour of it; our mind is rescued by it from the tyranny of the senses; it subjects us to the lawful empire of the supreme Intelligence that enlightens us with his light; it weans us from earth to raise our hearts to Heaven, and prohibits us with no other intent the use of reasoning than to make us acquire the merit of faith: But Nature by enveloping

loping the soul within the body, makes her the slave of the senses, and obliges her in her most noble operations to extract her light from their darkness; whence it happens that all our knowledge abounds with errors, that truth is never without lies, that our opinions are uncertain, and that our passions which obey them, are always disorderly.

The report of the world is not a more certain guide, and they that listen to it are in danger of never tasting the sweets of real tranquility. This report is nothing but the opinion of the people, which for being the more common, is not the more true. What seems to authorize, condemns it; and nothing should make it more suspected than the great number of its partizans. The nature of man is not under so good a regulation, that the best things are those which please most persons; bad opinions are founded as well as the good on the number of their approvers, and when we have a mind to chuse our party, we ought not to reckon voices, but rather weigh their merit. The common people sigh after liberty, yet are well pleased to live in servitude; they never use their judgment, and in the only thing in the world that

that ought to be most free, they are more led by example than reason; they follow the herd of those that go before, and without examining their opinions, embrace, maintain, and propagate them in as great a degree as they possibly can; just as we see in factions, each party contending with might and main to increase its own numbers, and thus making a contagion of its distemper: And hence, the * maxim of Seneca is found verified, that man does not err for himself alone, but for others, and that he communicates his errors to all about him. When our imagination is fraught with these pernicious opinions, it excites a thousand disorders in our soul, and raises the passions just as it pleases; for being blind, they cannot discern whether the good or evil proposed to them is apparent or real, and deceived by the imagination, whose power they respect, they declare their fondness or aversion for the objects: Their blindness serves as an excuse to them, and they throw the blame on the cause of the deception. But to prevent this disorder, there is a necessity for the mind to ascertain its authority, to subject the imagination

* Senec. de vitâ beatâ, c. 1.

nation to its laws, to be careful that opinion does not get the ascendant over it, and to consult reason for guarding against error and lies: Thus the Passions will always remain peaceful, and their motions being regular, they will prove of singular utility to virtue.

CHAPTER V.

THAT THERE IS MORE DISORDER IN THE
PASSIONS OF MEN, THAN IN THOSE OF
BEASTS.

BEFORE we resolve this question, we must discuss another, and examine whether beasts are capable of those motions, we call passions; for as our adversaries confound them with vices, and will have all the affections of the lower and baser part of our soul to be criminal, they hold that beasts are free from them, and that having no liberty, neither virtue nor sin can be imputed to them. Beasts are guided by an instinct which cannot err, and if sometimes they seem to deviate from it in their actions, this must be attributed to Providence, which makes them irregular
to

to punish us, or permits their disorders to warn us of our misfortunes. Their motions therefore were as presages to all people, and the Pagans consulted the flight of birds and the entrails of victims, to know the secrets of futurity or the will of heaven. But though exempt from sin, and indebted for their innocence to their servitude, they are not, however, insensible; all Philosophers confess, that they have inclinations and aversions, and that according as objects strike their eyes or ears, they excite desires or fears in their imaginations. And indeed, the lower and baser part of our soul holds so great a correspondence with our senses, that it borrows its name from them, and is called sensitive; so that it is almost impossible that a thing which has entered by these avenues with some agreeableness or some horror, should not produce in the soul either pleasure or pain. Beasts being possessed of those two faculties which give them sensation and life, we must conclude that they have passions, that they incline to good by desire, and avoid evil by flight, and that they relish the one with joy, and suffer the other with pain. This reason is confirmed by examples. We daily see that the fear of punishment

nishment has a great effect in the manage of horses, that the spur revives and quickens their memory, that the sound of trumpets spirits them up, and that wounds even animate their courage: Bulls fight for glory, and join stratagem to strength, as warmly dispute for the mastery of a herd, as princes for the conquest of a kingdom: Lions do not seek so much revenge as honour in their contests; when they see their enemy submissive, their anger abates, and having exerted their might chiefly for acquiring glory, content themselves with the advantage, and grant life to him who yields them the victory; they are likewise said to shew jealousy as well as love, to honour fidelity and chastity, and to punish adultery by the blood of the criminal; whence, there will be no room to doubt of beasts having passions, and being agitated by those furious emotions that trouble our repose; but the difficulty is to know whether theirs or ours are the more violent, or the less regular in their motions.

Truth obliges us to confess that our advantages are hurtful to us, and that reason itself when it becomes the slave of the senses, serves only to make our affections

more unreasonable. Beasts are not apprehensive of evil but when it is near them, they do not penetrate into futurity, and scarce remembering the past, nothing but the present can make them unhappy; but men seek after accidents before they happen, they seem bent upon hastening their own disgrace, they would fain prevent the evils Fortune has not yet created, their fears pry into futurity and reflect on what is past, and trembling on account of a misfortune that has passed away, they grow pale at the same time on account of a disaster that has not yet happened.

Beasts have few objects to affect them, and abstracting from the necessaries for supporting life, they behold all others with indifference: But men, neither by reason nor necessity, can set bounds to their desires; they extend them even beyond useful things, and to add to their punishment, run in quest of those that are superfluous; All their passions are so insatiable that nothing can content them; that which should appease, frets them, and what is given them to allay hunger, serves only for the most part to irritate it; so that it may be truly said, that man is ingenious at contriving his own ruin, and that he scarce
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puts the goodness of his mind to any other use than to render himself more unhappy or criminal.

Beasts are stupid; their constitution holding of the earth, makes them insensible, and happily exempts them from all those evils which do not hurt the body but because they have hurted the imagination. Bulls must feel the goad to rouse them into fury, and those unwieldy masses, whose soul is scarce more than a body, are seldom made to stir without great irritation; elephants endure all from their masters, and if they do not see their blood, they do not fancy themselves wounded; when the smart is over, their anger ceases, and they become as tractable as ever. But man is of so delicate a constitution, that the most trivial matters give offence to him; his blood holding of the nature of fire is so easily put in motion, that it spreads rage and madness in an instant thro' all its parts, and the greatest ravages of this fury are usually about the heart, by its sending to it such a flow of spirits, that the organ destined for giving life to the whole body, is often itself extinguished: This passion also to revenge itself of a private injury, has frequently endangered

dangered the safety of the whole commonwealth; in short, it is so apt to take umbrage in man, that an atom irritates it, a word stings it, a motion of the head offends it, silence makes it impetuous, and finding no fuel to keep up its fire, it devours its own bowels, and by an excess of despair converts its whole rage against itself.

Lastly, the life of beasts being uniform, and nature having circumscribed them within narrow limits, they have but a small number of passions, and it may be said that the fear of an evil that afflicts them, and the desire of a good that affects them, are the constituents of almost all their motions: But the life of man being more chequered, and in its extent subject to a thousand different occurrences, his passions rise tumultuously, and wherever he goes, he finds subjects of anger and fear, pleasure and pain. It was therefore the Poets feigned that his soul passed into the body of several animals, and that being tinctured by all their ill qualities, he united in his person the malice of serpents, the fury of tygers, the anger of lions, teaching us by this fable, that man alone has as many passions as all sorts of beasts put together,

It

It is for this reason, that Philosophers propose their example to us, and that the Stoics, after raising our nature to so high a pitch of greatness, are obliged to reduce us to the condition of beasts, and to make the happiness and tranquility of their sage to consist in a sort of stupidity. This sentiment agrees in some respect with that of those proud spirits, who disconcerted in their design of seating themselves on the throne of God, asked leave of Christ to * enter into swine, and who not able to reign with the divine Persons, contented themselves to live with unclean beasts. In like manner the proud Stoics, after raising their sage to the heavens, and giving him titles which the bad Angels never pretended to in their rebellion, lower him to the condition of beasts; and not being able to make him insensible, strive to make him stupid. They accuse reason for being the cause of our disorders, they complain of the advantages nature has granted us, and they would willingly forfeit memory and prudence, that they might never foresee future evils, nor remember those that are past. This folly is the punishment of

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* Matth. c. 8.

their vanity; the divine Justice permitted the mind, which was their idol, to become their torment, and so as to make them declare, that not having been able to live as Gods, they resolved to live as beasts. But without imitating their despair, we should deem it incumbent on us to implore the assistance of Heaven, and acknowledging the weakness of reason, to seek for another light to guide us, and to collect new forces for conquering our Passions: This is what we have learned from the Christian Religion, and what we shall examine in the next Book of this work.

BOOK III.

B O O K III.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THAT THERE IS NOTHING MORE GLORIOUS, NOR MORE DIFFICULT THAN TO GOVERN THE PASSIONS.

NATURE by a wise forecast has annexed difficulty to glory, and that the things which are glorious might not become too common, she was willing that they should be also difficult. There is nothing more illustrious among men than the valour of Conquerors; but he that aspires to this honourable title, must despise death, forget pleasures, surmount labours, and often purchase glory at the expence of his own life. Next to the valour of conquerors, we see nothing more illustrious than the eloquence of Orators; it governs states without violence, it rules over people without arms, it forces their will with sweetness, it gives battles and gains victories without the effusion of blood:

blood: But to arrive at this supreme power, the Orator must conquer a thousand difficulties; art must conspire friendly with nature in his speeches; he must conceive bold thoughts, express them in nervous and elegant words, Study the humours of the People, and learn the secret of restraining their licentiousness, and gaining their affections. This truth appears clearly in our present subjects, and all acknowledge that nothing is more difficult nor more honourable than to conquer our passions; for besides that we have no manner of assistance in this battle, that fortune, which is supposed to preside in all others, cannot favour us in this, that none can claim a share of the glory with us, and that we perform both together the duty of soldier and general; there is this embarrassing difficulty, that we fight against a part of ourselves, that our forces are divided, and that nothing animates us in this war but duty and integrity. In other wars honour and emulation are powerful incentives; often indignation mingled with virtue, makes up the greater part of our bravery; hope and courage assist us, and by their combined force it is almost impossible to be conquered: But
when

when we attack our passions, our troops are weakened by their division; we act only by a part of ourselves, and with whatever reasons virtue may animate our Courage, the affection we bear to our enemies, makes us cowards, and we dread a victory that must deprive us of our pleasures: For, though our Passions are disorderly, and disturb our peace, they are notwithstanding a part of our soul; though their insolence displeases us, we cannot resolve upon tearing asunder our bowels; if grace does not assist, self-love betrays us, and we spare and pardon rebels because they are our allies. But what adds to the difficulty, and makes the victory still more uncertain, is the fresh vigour of our enemies, and their reiterated and unrelenting attacks: Though they might not have entered into any combination with the soul, though they had recourse to no artifices to divide her forces, and though she herself should attack them with the whole weight of her power, yet their nature is such, that they may be weakened and not conquered, may be beaten, and not defeated: They are so intimately united with us that they cannot be separated, their life is connected with ours, and by a strange destiny,

destiny, they cannot die unless we die with them; so that this victory is never intire, and these rebels are never so perfectly subdued, but that on the first opportunity they rally and form new parties, and offer us new battles: They are Hydras, out of which sprout as many heads as are lopped off; they are frantics, that receive strength from their weakness, and rise more vigorous after having been beaten down. All the benefit that can be expected from such savage subjects, is to shackle their hands and feet, and to leave them only so much power as is necessary to them for the service of reason; they must be treated as galley slaves, always chained down, and retaining only the use of their arms for rowing: Or, if we should chuse to treat them with more lenity, we must be well assured of their fidelity, and remember a maxim, which may hold good and innocent in this case, that reconciled enemies are always to be suspected.

If the difficulty accompanying this conflict should dismay us, the glory that awaits it ought to raise our courage; for heaven sees nothing more illustrious, and the earth bears nothing more glorious than a man that commands his Passions; all the
crowns

crowns in the world cannot worthily adorn his head, all praises fall short of his merits, eternity alone can reward so exalted a virtue; even its shadows are agreeable, and its reality has such engaging charms, that it commands a sort of adoration: We do not revere the Socrates's and Cato's, but because they had some tincture of it, and we do not rank them in the number of sages, but for having triumphed over our basest passions. The glory of these great men exceeds by far in purity that of the Alexander's and Cæsar's; their victory has made no widows nor orphans; their conquest has not depopulated kingdoms; their battles have caused no blood, nor tears to be shed; and in order to set themselves at liberty, they have made no prisoners nor slaves: All their acts are read with pleasure, and in the whole course of their innocent life, we meet with no objects that inspire horror; they were born for the good of the world, they laboured for the repose of mankind, no nations are observed to be uneasy at their happiness, nor to rejoice at their death: And now, what honour should a conqueror expect, who is indebted for all his greatness to his injustice, who is illustrious

trious only because he is criminal, and who would not have been mentioned in history, if he had not slaughtered men, sacked towns, ruined provinces, and laid waste kingdoms?

Those who have waged war against their passions, enjoy a more real pleasure, and such innocent conquerors receive from us the tribute of a more glorious praise. We raise them above the condition of monarchs, we model our actions by theirs, we borrow their weapons for fighting against the enemy they have defeated, we read their lives as Conquerors do that of Cæsar, we form ourselves to virtue by them, and we remark in them the fine maxims they held to, the innocent Stratagems they practised, and the noble designs they undertook for gaining such famous victories. Their most assured maxims were, not to rely on their own strength, to implore the assistance of Heaven, and to hope for more from grace than from nature: If thou * desirest to conquer, says St. Augustine, do not presume of thyself, but assign to him the glory of the victory by whom thou expectest to be crowned.

* August. Serm. 2. de Catechismo.

crowned. Their more ordinary Stratagems were to prevent their passions, to deprive them of strength in order to deprive them of courage, to attack them in their birth, and not to wait till riper age had rendered them more vigorous. Their more memorable enterprizes were to make incursions on their enemies territory, to consider their countenance, to observe their designs, and to remove all the objects that might set them in motion: These means will succeed happily with us, if we do but employ them, and we shall not fail of succours, all moral virtues being so many faithful allies that fight for our liberty, and supply us with arms for subduing our Passions.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THERE CANNOT BE A MORE
WRETCHED SLAVE THAN THE MAN
WHO SUFFERS HIMSELF TO BE GOVERNED
BY HIS PASSIONS.

LIBERTY is so sweet, and slavery
so disgustful, that it may be said
without exaggeration, that as the former
is

is the greatest of all blessings, so the latter is the greatest of all evils. Several nations have fought desperate battles for preserving to themselves the one, and defending themselves against the other; and it seems that nature had inspired them with this conviction, that it was better to die with liberty, than live in slavery. But though this evil is so odious, considering the happiness it robs us of, yet it is not comparable to that which is occasioned by the tyranny of our passions; and it must be confessed that of all the slaves in the world he is the most wretched who is subservient to such cruel masters.

Others are free in the most noble part of themselves; nothing of them but their body groans under irons and feels the rigours of slavery: Their will is not constrained; when a command is imposed on them that wounds their honour, or offends their conscience; they may decline it by a generous refusal, and redeem their liberty by the loss of life: But these are slaves in the inmost recesses of their soul; they cannot dispose of their thoughts nor desires, and they lose in that infamous bondage what Captives retain in their prisons, and what tyrants cannot despoil their enemies of.

Others

Others may desert their masters, and quitting their habitations or estates, may pass into places of freedom where they will breathe the air of liberty: But these though they should change their country, do not change their condition; they are slaves under crowns, they are subservient to their passions whilst they command their subjects, and wherever they go, they drag along with them their chains, and carry their masters. Others sigh after liberty, and use their best endeavours to recover it; when this aid fails them, misery opens their mind, and necessity the mother of invention, furnishes them with means to set themselves free; but these wretches have lost their liberty to so great a degree, that they have not even preserved the desire of it; they love their servitude, they kiss their bonds, and by a strange infatuation, fear the end of their captivity, and dread their deliverance.

Others have but one master, and amidst the multiplicity of ills that environ them, are in hopes to mitigate the pains of their bondage, by getting into the good graces of him that commands them, and they flatter themselves that they may still recover their liberty by the assiduity of their services.

services. This thought, indeed, is pleasing to them, and they have good reason to believe that a slave, who has but one man to content, cannot be always unhappy; but these have as many masters to serve as they have passions to gratify; the end of one servitude is the beginning of another, and when they think of having escaped a haughty dominion, they fall under an insolent tyranny: Thus change is never of any advantage to them, the last master is always more cruel than the first, they often command all together; and as their designs do not agree, they divide those unhappy slaves, and force them to multiply their will, and to tear their bowels for obeying orders rather contrary than different: One time ambition and love unite their flames for devouring them; fear and hope conspire to attack them; pain and pleasure meet in a friendly agreement to afflict them; and each master may be said to be an executioner to torment them, and each order they receive, a new punishment to make them suffer; they have not an hour's respite, their passions persecute them both day and night, and these vengeful furies change all their pleasures into cruel pains.

What

What is more deplorable, than to see Alexander intoxicated by his ambition, lose his wits for gratifying that disorderly passion? And indeed, can we suppose that * man to be in his senses, who began his exploits by the ruin of Greece, and who more unjust than the Persians, enslaved the city of Lacedemon, silenced that of Athens, and ravaged the country that had in vain taught him Philosophy. The same madness stimulated him to ransack the world, to commit devastations in all parts of Asia, to penetrate into the Indies, to pass the Seas, and to shew indignant emotions against nature, which by her bounds had circumscribed his conquests, and forced him to put an end to his designs where the Sun finishes his course? Who can help pitying Pompey, who inebriated by the love of a false greatness, undertakes civil and foreign wars? One time he passes into Spain to crush Sertorius, another time he scours the Seas to clear it of pirates; then he flies into Asia to fight Mithridates; he ravages all the provinces of that great part of the world, he creates himself enemies where he finds none; after so many battles and victories, he is the

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* Senec. Epist. 94.

only one that does not judge himself sufficiently great, and though the title of Great is given him, he does not believe himself to be deserving of it, unless Julius Cæsar acknowledges that he is. But who also can help pitying this Cæsar, who was not so much the slave as the martyr of ambition? He prostituted his honour to acquire power; he made himself the slave of his army, to become the master of the Senate; he vowed the destruction of his country to be revenged of his son-in-law: Seeing no other state on which he could exercise his rage, he gave vent to it against the common-wealth, and was pleased to merit the name of a parricide to enjoy that of a Sovereign: Ambition actuated all the springs of his motions; if he pardoned his enemy, vanity was the motive, and if he wept for the death of Cato and Pompey, it was perhaps because it extenuated the honour of his victory. All his sentiments were ambitious; when he saw Alexander's statue, he shed tears, perhaps because he had not yet shed blood enough: Whatever presented itself to his eyes awakened his passion, and objects that might have taught others modesty, served only to inspire him with pride and insolence. In short, Cæsar commanded his army,
and

and ambition commanded Cæsar: Its influence was so powerful over his mind, that the prediction of his death could not have made him alter his design, and he could, no doubt, have answered for himself to the Soothsayers, what Agrippina answered for her son to the Astrologers: "Let him kill me, so he reigns."

— pereat mater data victima nato
Sceptra Nero teneat, satis est vixisse pa-
renti.

If slavery is so wretched in ambition, it is by far more shameful in impudicity. It must be confessed that a man addicted to this infamous passion, forfeits both his reason and liberty, and being the slave of his love, is no longer master of himself. Did not Cleopatra govern Mark Antony; and could not that Princess boast that she had revenged Egypt on Italy, and had subdued the Roman Empire, by subjecting to her laws him that governed it? This wretch's way of life was entirely conformable to the will and caprice of that foreign woman; he acted only by her motions, and no slave ever took so much pains to gain the good graces of a master, as this dastard

of a prince did to acquire the favour of a haughty mistress. He gave away all governments and offices of state by her orders, and the finest part of the Roman Empire sighed to see itself under the power, and at the disposal of a woman. He dared not to conquer in the battle of Actium, and he chose rather to desert his army than his love; he was the first Captain that abandoned his soldiers, and would not avail himself of their courage to defeat his enemy. But what could be expected from the infatuation of a man, who had no more heart left, and could not even live separate from Cleopatra? Read, in fine, the history of all those called Great, you will find that their passions made slaves of them, and that they experienced amidst the smiles of their fortune, all the tortures tyranny can invent for afflicting those it oppresses. We are therefore under a necessity of having recourse to reason and Grace, for avoiding the fury of these insolent masters; and every one of us ought to resolve in particular rather to lose our life than liberty, and to prefer a glorious death to a shameful slavery: But without proceeding to these extremities, we need only in this conflict be willing to
conquer

conquer in order to be victorious; for God has permitted our good fortune to depend on our own will with his grace, so that our passions can only assume over us the power we allow them: And indeed, experience teaches us, that they fight us with our own weapons, and enslave us with our own consent.

CHAPTER III.

THAT WE MUST MODERATE OUR PASSIONS, TO GOVERN THEM.

THE Passions are destined for the service of virtue, and the use of every one of them may be of singular advantage to us; but it must be confessed that they ought to be properly conducted, and that considering the state sin has reduced our nature to, they cannot be useful to us unless they are moderated. That unhappy father who has made us the inheritors of his crime, did not give us being with the purity he had received it from God. The body and soul suffer their punishments, and as both are culpable, both have been punished; the mind

has its errors, the will its irregular inclinations, the memory its weaknesses : The body, the channel through which original sin flows into the soul, has its miseries, and though the least culpable, is notwithstanding the most unhappy : Every thing is disorderly in it ; the senses seduced by objects, communicate their deception to the imagination, which foment disorders in the inferior part of the soul, and raises the passions, so as to be no longer under that obedience they were retained in by original Justice ; and though still submissive to the empire of reason, they are mutinous subjects, which cannot be reduced to their duty but by compulsion or artifice : They are designed for obeying the mind, but they easily forget their condition, and their commerce with the senses, is the cause that they often prefer their advice to the commands of the will ; they rise up with such efforts that their natural motions are almost always violent : They are horses that have more fire than strength ; They are seas that are oftener tempestuous than calm ; they are, in fine, parts of ourselves, which cannot be of service to the mind, without being first made tame or gentle.

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This will not seem strange to those who are sensible of the ravages sin has made in our nature, and even the Philosophers that acknowledge virtue to be an art which we must learn, will not find it amiss to think that the passions do not become obedient but by the guidance of reason.

In order to put so great a design in execution, we must imitate nature and art, and consider the means they adopt for completing their works. Nature which performs all her business with the elements, and out of them compounds all bodies, never employs them without tempering their qualities: As they cannot suffer together, and as their natural antipathy keeps them at variance, this wise mother appeases their difference by softening their aversions, and never unites without first weakening them. Art which is invented not so much for perfecting as imitating nature, observes the same rules, and admits nothing in its works that is not tempered by its industry. Painting would not have been so famous, if it had not found out the secret of combining white with black, and pacifying the natural discord of these two colours, to compose all others out of them.

Those employed in the management of horses do not make them serviceable without breaking them, and teaching them to obey the spur and bridle. No Lions were used for drawing triumphal cars that had not been tamed, and Elephants did not carry towers in battles without having been weaned from that fierce temper they had brought with them from the forests. All these examples are documents for the guiding of the passions, and Reason must imitate nature, if willing to be benefited by her lessons. No use is to be made of the passions before they are justly moderated, and whoever shall think of making them serviceable to virtue, before they are regulated by Grace, will engage in a perilous design. During the state of innocence when their temper was not savage, they might be used in their birth: They never surprized the will, and as original justice had then actuated the body as well as the soul, the senses made no false reports, and their advice being disinterested, was always conformable to the judgments of reason: But now, as all is criminal in man, the body and mind being equally corrupt, the senses subject to a thousand illusions, and the imagination a favourer of
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of their disorders, we should think no precautions too great in the use of our passions.

The first precaution may be, to consider the troubles their revolt has given birth to in our soul, and in what misfortunes they engage us, when they take the eyes or ears for guides. It is a point of prudence to profit by our losses, and to become wise at our own expence. The most just anger becomes often the reverse, if not restrained by reason; though its motion has been lawful in its birth, it becomes criminal in its progress; for want of moderation, of a good cause it makes a bad one, and thinking to punish a slight fault, commits a grievous offence: Fear has often dismayed us when we have listened to the suggestions of the senses; it has made us grow pale without reason on a thousand occasions, and has sometimes engaged us in real dangers, by making us avoid imaginary ones: As therefore our passions have deceived us for not taking counsel of reason, we must come to a resolution of not believing them, till we have examined whether their desires or apprehensions are reasonable, and whether the
mind,

mind, which sees further than the eyes, discovers the vanity of our hopes or fears.

The second precaution is, to oblige reason to keep a constant watch over the subjects that may excite our passions, and to consider their nature and motions, to prevent its being over surprized: Evils that are foreseen are only slight wounds, and the accidents against which we are prepared very seldom astonish us. A pilot that sees the storm gathering, puts into port, but if at too great a distance from it, he keeps out at sea, far from coasts and rocks. A father, who is sensible that his children are mortal, and that life has no other term but what it may please God to allot it, will never be inconsolable for having lost them. A Prince, who considers that victory depends more on chance than prudence, on accidents than the bravery of his soldiers, will not be so afflicted on being beaten: But we make no use of our mind, and it seems that if our passions are disorderly, we accuse reason for not foreseeing dangers, and preparing our senses against their surprises.

The third precaution is, to study the nature of the passions, we undertake to moderate and conduct; for some of them
require

require to be severely reprimanded, and even used with violence, in order to be reduced to their duty: Others require to be flattered and treated with lenity, to make them subservient to reason; though subjects, they are not slaves, and the mind that governs them, is rather their parent than Sovereign: Others must be deceived, and though virtue is so generous, she is notwithstanding obliged to descend to the weakness of the passions, and to employ cunning when force proves successful. Love is of that nature, and it must be induced to change its measures, when it cannot be banished from the heart, by proposing lawful objects to it, and making it virtuous by an innocent deceit. Anger chuses to be soothed, and whoever should think of stopping short this torrent by opposing a dike to it, would increase its rage and impetuosity; Fear and Grief must be treated with harsh language, and the first of these two passions is so base, that it cannot be subdued without forcible means; and the second is so stubborn that it cannot be ruled but by irritating it. By an exact observation of such methods, the affections of our soul are softened; the wild beasts become domestic; and when
they

they have lost their natural ferocity, reason employs them usefully, and virtue forms and executes no design but in conjunction with them.

C H A P T E R IV.

THAT REASON CAN CONDUCT OUR PASSIONS, WHATEVER STATE THEY MAY BE IN.

NATURE, though very liberal, is an excellent œconomist, and puts to good use whatever she has produced. All her parts have their utility, and amongst the great number of creatures that compose the universe, there are none useless; those that render no service to us, contribute to our pleasures; the beautiful and agreeable are the ornaments of the world, even the deformed keep up its variety: As shadows heighten the lustre of colours, so deformity gives lustre to beauty, and monsters that are the faults of Nature, enhance the value of her masterpieces and miracles. There is nothing more pernicious than poison, and if sin was not barren, it might be taken for its produc-

production, by agreeing so far with it, as to be deadly to all men: Yet poison has its uses; medicine converts it into antidotes, and there are ailments that cannot be cured without some preparations wherein it is an ingredient. Custom too has made it conducive to the support of life as aliments, and there have been Princes on whom poison had no effect to cause death: The beasts that have it in them cannot live without it, and thus that which is pernicious to us, is so necessary to them, that they die by taking it from them. Philosophers reflecting on this seem to be unanimous in opinion, that poison or venom is not an evil, being so natural to scorpions, vipers, and the like, that they die by losing, as we do by taking it.

Now, though the motions of our soul may be sometimes censured as so many poisons or monsters, this reason should induce us to confess that they are not so absolutely bad, but that they may be prepared as poison, and made antidotes of for curing our ailments, or for maintaining our health: For in whatever way they are considered, and whatever visage they are made to assume to look terrible, reason
will

will always find ways of making them serviceable, and that wise œconomist of our goods and evils, will manage them with so much prudence, that in spite of the disorder sin has introduced amongst them, she will reap from them both advantage and glory.

If we consider them in their birth, they are tractable affections, which make but a weak resistance, and which by a little instruction, become docil and obedient: They are children, frightened at an angry word, and who through fear of a little chastisement, correct their bad inclinations, and profit by the counsels of their masters: They are young plants which an adverse wind has bent, but which are easily brought upright by a little care, and not being yet inflexible, may be made to assume a bent contrary to that they had received from nature. On this account it was, that the Platonics would not give the name of passions to these disorders in their birth; and knowing that it was easy to keep them in order, they contented themselves with calling them affections, without giving them a more injurious title.

If we consider them in a more advanced age, when availing themselves of our
weakness

weakness they have acquired new strength, and from simple affections are become violent passions, we must signify to them how far their own interest is concerned, and giving them hopes of pleasure or glory, induce them to good and divert them from evil. If we only except their greatest revolt, they always retain an inclination for virtue, and horreur against vice; they are not culpable, but because they are abused; it is sufficient to take away the veil that covered their eyes to redress their motions, and correct their errors: Sin has not dishonoured nature to such a degree, as to hinder her from preserving the ground-work of her inclinations: She always loves good and will hate evil eternally; She seeks after glory and flies from infamy: She desires pleasure and dreads pain. All these motions are equally natural and innocent; and the Devil, who sees that this order is pernicious to his designs, and that this impression, which comes from the hand of God, cannot be defaced, puts our passions upon a false scent, and not being able to corrupt, he strives to deceive them; he proposes to them apparent goods for real, he disguises sin, and makes it assume the cloak of virtue:

tue: And as our blind passions cannot discern truth from lies, they confound evil with good, and by a déplorable misfortune love what they ought to hate, and hate what they ought to love. To cure them they need only be undeceived, for whatever their attachment may be to these disguised objects, they will sequester themselves from them the moment their beauties or deformities are pointed out to them, and following their first inclinations will detest their blindness, and quit the apparent good to embrace that which is real. We have therefore reason to console ourselves under our misfortune, that notwithstanding the disobedience of our Parent, and the hatred of his enemy, the nature of the passions is not intirely changed, that they still retain some purity, and that in all disorders there is more error than malice.

If lastly, we consider them in their extreme violence, and in that state when they cast forth so much smoke and flame that they offuscate Reason, and force her to abandon the guiding of them, it will be then exceeding difficult to make a good use of them: For they seem to have changed their condition, and as they have
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sided with sin, they deserve to bear its name, and to be rather called troubles and tumultuous insurrections than passions: They are so insolent as to despise all the counsels proposed to them; instead of obeying the laws of the mind, they want to impose laws on it, and thus from natural subjects become insupportable tyrants. When the evil is come to this pitch, it is very hard to be remedied, and it may be said, that by dallying too long, matters are become desperate: For the Passions no longer hearken to any advice given them, and Reason is so disturbed, and withal so bewildered by profligate thoughts, that she is not in a condition to give orders: The boiling surges of this tempestuous sea rise to the Skies; that part of man which ought always to be tranquil, finds itself hurled about in the storm, and stands in need of a foreign succour to appease the trouble that agitates it. I verily believe that there is no Philosopher, who would presume to cure a man in this phrensy; remedies would irritate his disorder, nothing but length of time would mitigate it, and it were to be wished that the torrent might find a spacious field for expanding its waters and dissipating its

fury: But when the tempest is nearly appeased, when the Passions have somewhat slackened their impetuous course, and when Reason begins to resume her light and strength, he must represent to himself the unhappiness of his condition, he must blush at his sin, and reprimand severely those rebellious slaves, more especially he must humble himself before God, become rich by his loss, and wise at his expence: He must also look out by what breach the enemy has entered the place, and know what artifices he had recourse to for fomenting sedition, and withdrawing his subjects from their allegiance. In this manner it is, that our greatest misfortunes will turn to our advantage, and we shall learn by experience that the storm may drive us into port, and that if there be waves that drown men, there are others that throw them up on shore: But as no mariner would run this risque to oblige Heaven to work a miracle in his favour, so no man ought to expose himself to this disorder to reap some advantage from it, and it is much better to be deprived of an uncertain happiness, than to purchase it by a certain loss.

Keeping

Keeping these truths in view, we may say, that our condition is not so deplorable as is imagined by those who would fain excuse their sin by their wretchedness, since our good fortune is in our own hands, and we sail on a sea whose calms and tempests depend on our will. We may avoid splitting upon the rocks it keeps concealed, quell the fury of the winds that irritate it, humble the pride of the waves it raises, and make tranquillity succeed to the calm: Or, by a more fortunate dexterity we may oblige those rocks to sink down, those seas to carry our ships, and those winds to waft them in safety: But setting aside these figurative ways of expression, let us say that there are no objects but we may despise, no opinions but we may correct, no passions but we may conquer: Thus our fortune is at our own disposal, the victory depends on our weapons, our happiness is inherent to our desire, and to acquire all those good things, we need only exert a little courage.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE MEANS THAT MAY BE USED FOR
MODERATING OUR PASSIONS.

AMIDST the several means which reason may adopt for the regulating of our passions, it seems that the most usual is that which is borrowed from the Chace, when men employ tame beasts to take the wild, or for diversion sake, when they use the courage of dogs against the rage of wolves: In like manner it seems allowable to employ the passions that are most subject to us against those that are the most rebellious, and to make use of our reconciled enemies for subduing those which still wage war against us. Joy is opposed to grief, fear is repressed by hope, and desires are moderated by the trouble that accompanies the gratifying them. Sometimes also the passions which are productive of others come under consideration; to dry up rivulets their springs must be dried up, and to make void effects the causes must be destroyed. Whoever shall cease to hope, will cease to fear, whoever shall set bounds

to his desires, will set bounds to his hopes ; and whoever shall entertain no love for riches, will be haunted with no uneasiness nor fears on their account. Some time also an attack is made upon our predominant passion, to destroy all those that fight under its banner ; with one blow the victory is obtained, and by the death of the chief the whole army is defeated. But though all these means are specious, and promise us a profound peace, or long truce ; yet they are deceitful, and engage us to undertake things, unjust, impossible, or dangerous ; for there is great danger in strengthening one enemy to destroy another, and there is no good security in arming a passion, which may act as well against reason as for it : There is injustice in opposing them to one another, because they ought to maintain a good understanding ; for though in Politics it may be lawful to make war to have peace, and to cause division amongst enemies, whose friendship is prejudicial to us ; yet in Morality, it is not lawful to sow discord between one's own subjects, with the vain hopes of bringing them to an agreement when they are weakened : It would be, in fine, attempting an impossibility to think of stifling a passion for

destroying those that proceed from it ; they may, indeed, be moderated, but cannot be destroyed ; they spring from the union of our soul with our body, and in order to deprive them of life, the man that produces them must be also made to lose life : Our passions are more intimately connected with us than the limbs of our body, and if these may be amputated when infected, those cannot be extirpated when disobedient. The greater part of those counsels are therefore given us by suspected persons ; these bad reasons are ushered out of the school of Stoics, who regard the passions as enemies to our repose, and who strive not to govern, but to annihilate them, being persuaded that their nature is perfectly similar to that of wild beasts, which are never so well tamed as not to retain always something of their pristine ferocity, and that to compose the mind in perfect tranquillity, they ought not to be mitigated, but destroyed.

To resolve these difficulties it must be remembered, that Reason is the sovereign of the Passions, that the governing of them is one of her principal employments, and that she is obliged to watch particularly over those that carry off along with them

them the rest by their motions; for as their revolt is followed by an universal rebellion, it seems also that their obedience causes a general peace, and that they never acknowledge the empire of Reason without bringing back with them to their duty all the Passions they had raised. Some times, it is true, pleasure may be opposed to pain, hope to fear, inclination to aversion, but in this conflict Reason must be careful, that in weakening one passion, she does not give too much strength to another, and that in designing to reduce a mutineer to obedience, she does not increase the number of rebels. When she undertakes this business, it should be with a balance in her hands, remembering that the God whom she imitates, performs all his works by weight and measure, and that when he tempers the qualities of the elements for making them agree, he does not give one an advantage that may prejudice another. We may likewise form an attack upon the passion that masters us, and which we are sensible is the cause of our disorders; for it is a familiar Demon that possesses us; it is a tyrant that does not exercise its power but for its own interest, and the more dangerous, as it endeavours

to make itself the more agreeable. Reason is obliged to fight against it as a public enemy, and to employ all her forces, if not for destroying, at least for weakening it; I do not see, however, that she can safely use other passions for subduing it, for they are too much in its interest to attack it, and when it may be thought to make them instrumental to its overthrow, it will have address enough to engage them to contribute to its preservation.

But not to leave so dangerous an evil without a remedy, it would be advisable to retrench the objects that afford nourishment to it, and to wear down by abstinence an enemy whom we have not been able to conquer by force; for though our passions are born with us, though they borrow their vigour from our constitution, and though the most natural of them are the most difficult to be kept to order; yet they extract their nourishment from external things, and if objects do not entertain them, they die away or languish. Ambition seldom torments us in solitude, and when it beholds no longer the grandeur of cities, the magnificence of buildings, the pomp of triumphs, it loses the remembrance of glory, and that fire hav-
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ing no further aliment to feed it, is consumed and extinguished of itself. Grief collects strength amidst darkness; those gloomy chambers lined with the apparatus of mourning, conspire with it to afflict us, and it seems that the men, who use those sable emblems, are afraid to forget their grief, and are willing that whatever they see, should revive the memory of their loss. If we remove from us these melancholy objects, nature will be tired of weeping, and will comfort herself when she sees nothing more to influence her regret. What has been observed of grief and ambition, may be said of all the other passions, which are obstinate only by being aided by our artifices, and by our taking pains to increase them, to add to our misery,

BOOK

B O O K IV.

OF THE COMMERCE OF THE PASSIONS
WITH VIRTUES AND VICES.

C H A P T E R I.

THAT THE PASSIONS ARE THE SEEDS
OF VIRTUES.

AS the generality of men consider only the appearance of things, we need not be astonished that the sect of the Stoics has had so many admirers, and that their proud maxims have been received with so much approbation and applause; for nothing can be imagined more noble, nor generous in appearance, than their philosophy: It promises to change men into Angels, to raise them above the condition of mortals, and to place storms and the ravaging force of thunder under their feet; it boasts of curing them of all diseases, and delivering them from those troublesome disorders which disturb the tranquillity of the mind. All these fine promises have produced no effects, and these proud waves,

waves, after making so much noise, have been converted into froth. We ought, indeed, to thank Providence for frustrating their designs, for if they had made good their promise, they would have left us destitute of all the helps nature has given us for becoming virtuous, and our soul would have remained without exercise and merit: For the Passions are her motions, they carry her where she is willing to go, and without separating her from her body, they unite her to the objects of her desires, or remove her from those of her aversion: Joy is her elation and effusion, grief her depression and pain; desire is her research and fear her flight; for when we are joyous our soul expands and dilates herself; when we are afflicted, she contracts and streightens herself; when we desire, she seems to push forward, and when we fear, she seems to retire. Those therefore, who would deprive the soul of passions, deprive her of all her motions, and make her useless and impotent, under the specious pretence of making her happy. No rational man would purchase felicity at so dear a rate, nor no real man would promise it to so difficult a condition; for if happiness consists in action, and if to be contented,

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we must taste the good we possess, there are none but will allow that passions are necessary to our soul, and that joy should complete the felicity desire had begun.

The Partizans of the Stoics will perhaps tell us that these Philosophers do not condemn the desires that arise from the love of virtue, nor the joy that accompanies its possession, but that they only blame the disorderly wishes we daily entertain for riches and honours, and consequently the vain contentment their enjoyment occasions. This answer invalidates their maxims, and confirms ours, for it admits the passions, and forbids only their excess; it receives desires and hopes, and rejects only their disorder, and to sum up all in a few words, it cures the distempered symptoms of our affections, and does not destroy their nature. But the Stoics were not so just, and their Philosophy was so austere, and withal so remote from reason, that would it have man seek after virtue without wishing for it, possess without tasting it, and be without desire, hope, and joy, as happy as God himself: It had, in short, conspired the destruction of our passions, yet that proud sect did not consider that by destroying them, it likewise destroyed all virtues; for the Passions are the
feeds

feeds of virtues, and for the little pains taken in cultivating them, we shall not fail to gather the most delectable fruits.

Though man is not born virtuous, and though the art that teaches him to be so, is equally difficult and glorious, it seems notwithstanding that he has a knowledge of it before he learns it, that his mind contains the principles of truths, and his will the feeds of virtues: and that as his knowledge, according to the Platonics, is only a reminiscence, so his good habits are only natural inclinations; for all his passions are growing virtues, and by a little care taken in perfecting them, become accomplished virtues. Is not fear, that foresees evil and avoids it, a natural prudence? Is not anger, that arms itself in favour of integrity against its enemy, a shadow of Justice? Is not desire, that divides us from ourselves to unite us to something better, an image of charity, weaning us from the earth to lift us up into heaven? What does courage require to be converted into real fortitude; and what difference is there between grief and repentance, but that the one is the work of nature, and the other the production of Grace? But both are afflicted on the account of evil, and often mingle their tears to weep for the
same

same sin: There are, in fine, no Passions but may become virtues, and having of themselves an inclination for good, and aversion from evil, but little conduct seems requisite for making them change their condition. It is sufficient to apply love properly to make all our Passions innocent, and without taking so much trouble, we need only love well to be happy even in this life; for as virtue is the habitude of a well regulated mind, nothing more is wanting than to moderate our affections, that they may be changed into virtues: And indeed, when our hatred and our love, which are the sources of other passions, are conducted prudently, modestly, resolutely, and justly, they become rare virtues, and will be converted into Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice. Will it therefore be not barbarous to stifle passions, which are so nearly allied to virtue, and which without much labour may be raised to so noble a condition? will it not be a singular ingratitude, to disavow the advantages we have received from nature? and will it not be unjust to brand innocent subjects with opprobrious names, which, if they had been brought to

to order by reason, would have merited the most glorious titles?

It is therefore an indubitable maxim among Philosophers, that passions are the feeds of virtues, and that they have not a nobler employment, than arming themselves in their favour, fighting in their quarrel, and revenging themselves of their enemies. As mothers are never more courageous, than when they defend their children, so the affections of our soul are never more vigorous, than when they defend their productions against vices. This praise gives great offence to the Stoics, and Seneca cannot endure that the army of virtue should be composed of Soldiers who may have it in their power to mutiny; he will have no passions enlisted in her service, because some of them have disputed her authority. If all Princes were as difficult as this Philosopher, they would find no fighting men, and would be under a necessity of disbanding all their troops, because some of them have been deserters, or unfaithful. The negligence of Princes is often the occasion of a mutinous disposition in their soldiery, and the weakness of Reason is almost always the cause of the revolt of the Passions; in true Philosophy,

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we should rather accuse the mind than the body, and condemn rather the Sovereign than the subjects. Who but sees that fear is on the watch for virtue; that it always mixes with the enemy as a spy, to reconnoitre their designs; that all the reports it makes are true and exact, and that we are generally unfortunate by having neglected them? Who but knows that hope fortifies, and animates us with courage to enterprize glorious and difficult designs? Who but acknowledges that courage and anger despise dangers, endure pains and attack death, to be of service to patience and fortitude. But what virtues would not be weak and languid, if abandoned by the passions? How often has the dread of infamy raised the courage of soldiers who were meditating a shameful flight? How often has shame preserved chastity, and kept virgins and women within the bounds of duty, whom avarice and impurity endeavoured to corrupt? How often has indignation fired Judges against criminals, whom the protection of the Great made insolent in their crimes?

Let the Partizans of the Stoics therefore confess that the virtues are indebted for their security to the passions, and let them

them not tell us any more that they are too generous to implore the succour of their slaves; but let us tell them in our turn that they are too grateful to despise such faithful friends, and that they will never make any difficulty in accepting them for allies, when they are pleased to attack vice, their common enemy. Hence it is, in the discussion of this point, that we find the opinion of Aristotle preferable to that of Seneca, which is, to make the passions tractable by good management and not to destroy them. Seneca, by an insupportable pride, would have virtue to be self-sufficient, and that the Sage who is possessed of virtue might be happy against the will of God himself, he would have his felicity so firm established as not to be overthrown by the power of Heaven; and to judge by his words, it seems that the first disposition necessary for acquiring wisdom, is insolence and impiety. Aristotle, on the contrary, acknowledges his weakness, he uses the succours which nature offers him, and knowing that he is composed of a mind and body, he strives to employ those two parts in the exercise of virtue: He confesses that we can undertake nothing generous, unless anger

chafes the mind, and that we become indolent when we are not irritated; but being also sensible that this passion wants a bridle to check it, he subjects it to Reason, and makes use of it not as a commander in chief, but as a private soldier. Let us behave in such manner in regard to our passions, and let us acquaint the partizans of the Stoics, that Nature has done nothing in vain, and that as she has given us fears and hopes, it is her intention we should employ them for acquiring virtue, and conquering vice.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THE PASSIONS ARE THE SEEDS OF
VICES.

WE should flatter the Passions and deceive men, if after having shewn the good they may do, we did not shew also the evil they are capable of; and our painting would not be faithful, if having exhibited their perfections, it did not represent likewise their faults. But not to be mistaken in so important a subject, and on which, it seems, our felicity depends,
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it will not be amiss to know, that the passions are neither good nor bad, and that those two qualities, properly speaking, are found only in the will, that superior power which governs them. Being alone free, it is alone good or bad, and being the principle of merit, it is also the source of malice or of goodness. As the Sun sheds his light on the world, and enlightens solid bodies, though he does not penetrate them; just so the will dispenses malice and goodness in the passions, and though it does not fully communicate either to them, it however gives them a slight tincture, which is sufficient to make them innocent or criminal.

If we examine the qualities they have received from nature, and consider them in the state which is antecedent to the use of the will, it must be confessed that they are equally the seeds of vices and virtues, and that those two contraries are so confounded in them, as to be scarce discernable. They have an inclination for good, and so hold of virtue; but by being easily seduced and moved, they resemble vice. We are no longer in that happy state of innocence, when our passions waited the order of Reason, and did not rise up with-

out leave, now faithless and regardless of the voice of their sovereign, they obey the first that commands them, and embrace the party as readily of a tyrant as that of their lawful Prince. This error, into which they often fall, obliges us to confess, that they are rather more disposed for vice than for virtue, and that if we can expect great advantages from them, we ought likewise to be apprehensive of notable disgraces: For the same desires that raise us to heaven, bind us down to earth; what nature has given us to set us at liberty, throws us into prison, and fetters us in irons; the same hope that flatters, deceives us; and that which should soften our past misfortunes, procures us new ones; the same anger that animates the courage to battle, eggs on the dastard to revenge; and that which is generous in war, becomes cruel in peace. Still the passions seem not placed at a greater distance from virtue than vice; for, as in the confusion of the chaos, fire was intermixed with water, so in the affections of the soul, evil lies mixed with good; and from the same mine are extracted as well iron as gold. Man therefore should be always on his guard, and knowing that he carries both
both

both life and death in his bosom, he is obliged to behave with as much caution as those that handle poison, or walk on the edge of a precipice.

But the danger increases when disorderly passions have produced some vice; then it is that they arm themselves in its defence, and serve it with more courage, than the innocent passions obey virtue; They are servants more cruel than their masters, ministers more furious than the tyrants that employ them, and they become more destructive of virtue than vice itself: All wars are the work of insolent affections, and whoever should have banished love and hatred from the earth, would never more see it polluted by adulteries or murderers; they furnish the subject of all tragedies, and though the Poets are accused of being lyars, they have committed more crimes than the Poets have invented: But they are never so hurtful as when they unite in the person of Princes, abusing Sovereign power to exercise their fury; States then groan under their tyranny, people are oppressed by their violence, and all towns and cities confess that pestilence and war are not so fatal to them, as the arbitrary frowns of the passions.

A dishonest love animates all Greece to take up arms, and its flames reduced to ashes the finest city of Asia. The Jealousy of Cæsar and Pompey made upwards of a million of men to lose their lives; their quarrel divided the world, their ambition armed all nations, their unjust war caused the ruin of their country, and the loss of its liberty: The world still bewails this disaster, the remains of this great shipwreck are still seen, and the states of Europe are but the fragments that composed the body of that powerful Republic. Ambition, often confounded with virtue, is guilty of more murders than revenge and anger: Though that passion prides itself in being generous, it is always dyed with blood; whatever pleasure it takes in pardoning, its greatness is founded on the ruin of its enemies; it causes more deaths than it grants pardons, and it loses more innocent than it saves guilty: And indeed, it astonished the whole world when it appeared in the person of Alexander; for it seems that nature did not produce him but with the design of shewing us what ambition might effect when aided by fortune: He ruined all the Princes that undertook to defend their states against him; he
treated

treated as enemies those who refused to be his subjects; he could not suffer an equal in all the countries he passed through; he complained of seas that stopped the course of his victories, and wished to discover a new world to conquer it: If his vanity caused so many disorders, his anger did not commit less ravages, and if the one knew how to revenge him of his enemies, the other knew how to rid him of his friends; the least suspicion animated that Passion to vengeance, an indiscreet word served to irritate it, an honest liberty made it impetuous; in short, his anger became so nice and punctilious, that there was as much danger in doing well as saying ill; for being possessed by it, he obeyed its whole violence, dipping his hands in the blood of his favourites, and so taking upon himself the executioner's office; or rather, to taste all the pleasure of revenge, he chose to be himself the minister, and to strike the blow of death into the heart of a friend who had preserved his life.

But of all the cruelties his anger suggested to him, not one was more infamous than that which he exercised against the innocent Calisthenes. His condition was his security, and by making profession of

philosophy, it seemed as if he had no occasion to apprehend Alexander's fury; even the crime for which he was condemned was glorious, and in true religion it would have passed for an heroic virtue: He defended the cause of his Gods, and judged that Temples could not be erected to his prince, without irritating them against him; he behaved with so much address in so nice a point, that he flattered Alexander's humour, yet saved the honour of heaven, and by an admirable artifice, brought flattery to coincide with piety; for if the reasons enumerated by Quintus Curtius are true, he represented to the Macedonians, that as men could not dispose of crowns, they ought not to dispose of altars; that as they did not make Kings, they should not attempt to make Gods, and though human vanity might arrogate to itself that power, it could not use it till after the death of those it was pleased to deify; that there was a necessity of being removed from the commerce of men, before one should receive their adorations, and of losing life before divinity could be acquired; that Alexander was still necessary to them, and that he ought not to ascend to the heavens till he had conquered the whole earth.

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This short harangue was capable of obliging the most ambitious of all men ; it however offended his vanity, and blew up the flame of his anger to such a pitch, that in a few days after he had this philosopher put to death, without allowing him the liberty of making his defence. This murder brought upon him the hatred of all Greece, and as the death of Parmenio had irritated the soldiery, so that of Calisthenes had exasperated the orators ; and those men who revenge themselves with the tongue, have so often spoken of the excess, that it still remains the dishonour of him whocommitted it ; whatever praises may be given to his illustrious actions, they are all obscured by the murder of Calisthenes ; and to make use of the eloquent * words of Seneca, that act is the eternal crime of Alexander, which neither his fortune, nor his valour will be ever able to obliterate : For if it be said that he defeated the Persians in three pitched battles, it will be answered that he put Calisthenes to death ; if he is celebrated for having conquered Darius, the most powerful monarch of the world, he will be blamed for having killed
Calif-

* Quest. Natural. 1. 7. c. 3.

Calisthenes; if he is praised for having extended the bounds of his empire, as far as the extremities of the East, it will be added that he is guilty of the death of Calisthenes; if, in fine, to compleat his panegyric, it is said, that he surpassed the glory of all the Princes that went before him, it will be replied that his crime is greater than his valour, and that he has done nothing memorable but what is defiled by the blood of Calisthenes. This example should instruct all princes and teach them, that if disorderly passions are fits of sickness in private persons, they are plagues and contagions in those of public stations, and if by the direction of reason they may become illustrious virtues, they may also by the tyranny of our senses degenerate into infamous vices.

C H A P T E R III.

THAT THERE ARE NO PASSIONS BUT MAY
BE CHANGED INTO VIRTUES.

IT was mentioned in the foregoing chapters, that the Passions are the seeds of virtues, and that by due cultivation, they
yield

yield productions of singular advantage to us; but proceeding farther in this, my design is to teach Christians the secret of changing them into virtues, and of divesting them of whatever may be supposed untractable and monstrous in their nature. This transmutation is undoubtedly very difficult, but not impossible; and if we consult nature, She will furnish us with inventions for this purpose. That prudent mother performs daily very wonderful changes; her power is never more conspicuous than when she alters the elements or metals, and divests them of their first qualities to give them others more excellent and more noble. But She observes herein an admirable order, highly deserving of our consideration; for though all powerful, and holding the place of God, She may act as Sovereign, and do whatever She pleases with the elements and metals, yet She never uses violence, and it seems that She rather adapts herself to their interests than to her own inclinations: She remarks their sympathies, and makes no changes but what are agreeable to them: Thus, we see, that She subtilizes the air to change it into fire, and inspissates the water to convert it into earth;
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and thus also, we observe, that She depurates silver to give it the tincture of gold, and labours for intire ages to complete without violence that useful transmutation,

Now, as morality is an imitation of nature, its principal attention ought to be employed in observing the properties of our passions, and converting them into virtues that are not contrary to them; for he who would change anger into mildness, or fear into intrepidity, would attempt what is impossible, and all his endeavours would be attended with ill success; But to make his designs have a prosperous issue, he should study the natural dispositions of each passion, and use all his address to make it pass into the virtue against which it has the least aversion. This ought not to seem strange, since any man by consulting his reason, may judge, that notwithstanding the opposition nature has placed between vices and virtues, a resemblance is discoverable amongst some of them: Prodigality more nearly resembles liberality; than avarice, and it is not difficult to make a prodigal liberal; rashness is more nearly allied to courage than cowardice, and it is easier to make one that is rash courageous than a coward: Philosophers seem therefore
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to be agreed in opinion, that of the two extremities encompassing virtue, there is one always more favourable to it, and which with a little care embraces easily its party and defends its interests; and according to the same maxim it must be confessed that there are passions which have a greater affinity to some virtues than others, and which, by the help of morality may easily become virtuous.

Fear that foresees dangers, that is solicitous to avoid them, and extends its views far into futurity to seek after remedies, may be easily changed into prudence, provided the trouble and anxiety awaiting it are set aside, which often set us wrong in our deliberations. Hope, which gives us a foretaste of a good we do not yet possess, which comforts us under our afflictions, and which points out to us, amidst present ills a future felicity, is easily converted into the virtue, that is called confidence. Anger, which punishes crimes, and which puts arms into our hands to revenge the injuries of our friends, is not far removed from justice; for if it be not too violent, and its interests leave it light enough for guiding itself, it will make war upon all that are wicked, and will
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take under its protection all that are innocent. The courage which animates us to battle, which inspires us with intrepidity amidst dangers, which makes us prefer a glorious death to a shameful flight, will become perfect fortitude, if we repress its impetuosity, and mingle a little light with the intenseness of its heat. Love and hatred, desire and flight are rather virtues than passions; and deserve rather praise than censure, when under the government of reason, they love only what is amiable, and hate only what is odious.

The gloominess of sadness and despair, jealousy and envy are indeed more cried down; it seems that they are enemies of our repose, that heaven has made them ministers of its justice, and that they hold the place of those vengeful furies that punish criminals in the writings of the poets; yet they may be of service to reason when well conducted, and under that horrid visage they shew us, good sentiments are concealed which are useful to virtue. On envy brought under some regulation may be constituted a laudable emulation, out of jealousy moderated a discreet zeal may be formed, without which neither prophane nor secret love can undertake any thing

thing generous. Sadness receives so many eulogiums in the scripture, that it is easy to judge that if it be not of the number of virtues, it may be usefully employed in their service; it detaches us from the earth, and by a contempt of all the contentments of the world, makes us sigh after those of eternity; it appeases the anger of God, and supplies us with tears for washing away our sins; repentance is always accompanied by this faithful companion, and in the Christian religion a crime is never forgiven, unless sorrow and compunction have obtained pardon for it. Despair has nothing dreadful in it but its name, so that whoever duly considers its effects, will confess that it is a wise device of nature, which cures the greater part of our ailments, by depriving us of the hope of remedies; for we then make a virtue of necessity, we gather strength from our own weakness, we convert our fear into rage, and our desires into contempt; we attack enemies which before we did not dare to face, and we despise objects which we could not abandon. Thus it is, that we find more who owe their tranquillity to despair than to hope, and whoever examines into
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the humour of these two affections, will be obliged to allow, that the one makes us miserable by its promises, and the other makes us happy by its refusal, that the one affords nurture to our desires, and the other extinguishes them, that the one deceives, and the other undeceives us, that the one destroys by flattering, and the other saves by afflicting us: Hence the judicious thought of the * Poet, that despair raises the courage of the conquered, and restores to them the victory which hope and temerity had wrested out of their hands.

But whatever advantages are assigned to those passions, it must be confessed that they are not without their faults, and that to make virtues of them, they must be carefully depurated; and because so useful a subject cannot be too often discussed, it will not be amiss to point out their principal blemishes, that seeing them as in a mirror, every one may be assiduous in defacing them. Take away blindness from love, and it will be no more criminal; for it is lawful to entertain love for subjects that deserve it, and there is not less

* Virgil.

less injustice in refusing it to excellency, than granting it to imperfection. Take away error from hatred, and it will be rational; for it is not lawful to confound the transgression with his crime, and he that can have this discerning faculty, may boast of hating with justice. Desire and flight are innocent so they are moderate; joy and grief are only blamable by their excess; and Reason which permits us to taste with pleasure of a good we have wished for, does not forbid us to suffer with regret an evil which we have apprehended; hope is not unjust but when it does not measure its strength, and despair is not criminal but when it proceeds rather from our pusillanimity than weakness; courage is laudable when it exposes itself to a danger which it may conquer, and fear is prudent when it avoids a peril which it cannot surmount; anger is an act of justice when it breaks out into indignant emotions against crimes, and so it be not a judge in its own-cause, the sentences it pronounces will be equitable; envy is generous when it excites us to virtue, and represents to us the good qualities of our neighbour with the view of obliging us to imitate them; jealousy is not odious but

because it loves over much, yet this fault is excusable when unaccompanied with suspicion, and if the beloved cannot cure, they are obliged to endure it. But to come to what more nearly concerns us as Christians, it may be said that we make a good use of our passions, when we employ them for the glory of Jesus Christ, and the Salvation of our souls. Our fear is reasonable when we consider the judgments of God, and the future punishment of the wicked; our desires are just, when we contemplate and sigh after the happiness of the blessed in heaven; our grief is innocent when we afflict ourselves for all those evils we retain by inheritance from our first Parent, and when pressed by our feelings we ardently wish for the liberty of the Sons of God; our joy is holy, when we expect the possession of the good things which are prepared for us, and when by a firm hope we already taste the effects of the promises of our Master; in fine, if Christians dread infidelity, if they desire perseverance, if they are sorrowful for their ill actions, and if they rejoice for their good works, they convert all their passions into holy and glorious virtues.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS IS THE PRINCIPAL EMPLOYMENT OF VIRTUE.

SIN has rendered man's condition so unhappy, that his advantages reproach him with his misery, and his greatest excellencies inform him that he is criminal. The noble habitudes that embellish his soul, and reinstate him in the glory she had lost, have but painful employments, being engaged in conflicts equally difficult and shameful; for the most illustrious virtues of man have no other occupation than of waging war against vices, and the necessity of this warfare is one of the strongest proofs of the disorder of his nature. Prudence, which serves him as a guide, warns him that he walks in darkness, and is in a hostile country; fortitude teaches him that he must fight, and that in the course his life he tastes no pleasure that is not mingled with pain; temperance admonishes him that his constitution is disordered, and that voluptuousness only flat-

ters to destroy him ; justice obliges him to believe that all he possesses is not his own, and that having a Sovereign who has given him all his good things, he is only the Dispenser and Steward of them. Those virtues act as they inculcate, their employments chime in with their counsels, they never act without undertaking to suppress some disorder, and to conquer some vicious inclination. Prudence makes choice of arms and enemies ; temperance rejects pleasures ; fortitude attacks pain ; justice presides in all these contests, careful that the conqueror is not insolent in victory, and that the mind does not take too great an advantage over the body, that in thinking to subdue She should not destroy it, and that designing to revenge herself of a disobedient slave, She should not lose a faithful friend : Whence, it may be inferred that the exercise of virtues is an eternal war against vices, and that those glorious habitudes have not a more noble employ, than attacking monsters, and fighting against infamous enemies.

It may therefore stand confessed that these virtues have been imparted to us with no other view than to assist us during this wretched life, and that they are so many degrees

degrees for arriving at that supreme felicity, which consists in the possession of the Sovereign good. For our prudence will be then no longer necessary, as having no misfortunes to avoid; our Justice will be then superfluous, because we shall possess all our wealth in common; temperance will be then useless, because we shall have no more illicit motions to repress; our fortitude will be then unactive, because we shall have no more evils to suffer. It is true, that we ought not to banish virtues from Heaven, which have opened the road of it to us; but as what is still imperfect cannot be received into it, we may say, that they will be purified before admission, that they will lose all their terrestrial qualities to become quite celestial, and that the glory which renders men spiritual, will render them divine, and will clear them of all impurity: They will retain all their beauties, and have none of their defects; they will triumph, but will fight no more; they will serve as an ornament, but not as a defence to the blessed; they will receive the reward of their labours; and the troublesome employment that exercised them on earth, will be

converted into an honourable repose in Heaven.

Now, amongst a thousand different occupations the virtues here below are conversant in, we must allow that one of the most useful is the government of the passions; for it seems that nature has destined them for subduing those fierce subjects, and subjecting them to the empire of reason; some have an insinuating manner of gaining them over, others have strength to resist them; some use menaces to frighten them, others promises to encourage them, and all together pursue various means to arrive at the same end. Prudence has never any contest with the passions, but being the Queen of Moral virtues, contents herself in giving orders, in providing for the peace of our soul, in suppressing seditions in their birth, and quelling the irregular motions that threaten her with an intestine war: If the alarm is already sounded and the signal given to engage, without fighting herself in the battle, She opposes to each passion its contrary virtue: She sends reinforcements to the weakest parts, or to those that are most vigorously attacked; She provides against all intervening

vening accidents, or if sometimes She judges that the rebels are capable of reason, She exhorts them to obedience; and in order to bring them back to their duty, She enforces it as a concern of their interest, endeavouring to convince them, that all the pleasures they seek after, are pernicious, and all the ills they apprehend, are honourable to them. Temperance is somewhat more exposed to danger, being obliged to fight and defend herself against enemies, the more dangerous as more agreeable: She resists all the Passions that flatter our senses, and propose only delights and voluptuousness to the mind: She regulates desires and hopes, moderates love and joy, and as often as motions arise, promising unjust pleasures, she furnishes us with weapons to encounter them. Fortitude takes upon her the care of regulating the more violent passions, and of attacking fear, grief, despair, and hatred: So soon as a danger troubles the peace of our Soul, or presents to our eyes some very disagreeable object, that heroic virtue exerts her whole courage to inspire us with confidence, and by a generous artifice, makes use of anger and boldness for surmounting grief and despair: If those courageous Pas-

sions are not powerful enough to be productive of confidence and tranquillity, she makes it a point of honour to us, and charges constancy and fidelity to represent to us our duty, and to animate us by the rewards that await all generous and difficult actions. Justice does not appear as a Combatant, but she balances the right of the parties, she prepares crowns for the victors, she keeps the conquered from being oppressed, and she so well moderates the victory, that it is neither cruel nor insolent; she preserves to Reason her authority, she obliges Passion to acknowledge her for its Sovereign, she subjects the body to the mind without enslaving it, and the mind to God without depriving it of its liberty. This virtue being equitable, she is an enemy of all disorders, and whilst she reigns perfectly in man, it may be said none but reasonable Passions appear in him; but when once she is banished from his heart, peace and tranquillity retire with her: During her absence man is like to a State without police, where rebels revel in licentiousness; where vice is honoured, virtue contemned, and where each person without consulting his duty, considers only his interest or his pleasure: Whence, he that loses Justice,

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loses all virtues, and he that possesses Justice may boast of being in possession of every virtue; and perhaps in this view it is, a Philosopher has said, that each virtue was a particular justice, and that justice was a general virtue, alone sufficient for conquering all vices, and for bringing all the passions under a due regulation.

But as the number of Soldiers cannot hurt when kept without confusion, so that of virtues can be of no prejudice when disorder is banished from among them; and though the virtues Christ has taught us in the Gospel are of a more elevated condition than the Moral, they all notwithstanding mutually and friendly conspire to enhance our happiness. We should therefore adopt them in our wants, and when one only is not sufficient to rule a passion, we ought to have recourse to the assistance of the rest, and so enlarge our force to conquer the enemy. When Temperance cannot keep to order our unjust desires, we may call in the assistance of modesty and humility, which will persuade us that we have no right to the glory of the world, if we are criminal, and that it is not worthy of us, if we are innocent.

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When Fortitude cannot subdue fear or despair, we are allowed to have recourse to hope, by listening to its promises, and to animate ourselves to victory by the prospect of the rewards it proposes to us. When hatred and envy gnaw the heart, and in order to be revenged for an injury, counsel us to attempt the desperate means of sword and poison, then it is advisable that Justice should implore the assistance of Charity, and should join divine with human maxims, to stop short the impetuosity of those two furious passions. Thus nature according with Grace to destroy Sin, man will remain victorious, the emotions of his Soul being regulated by virtues; he will enjoy a perfect tranquillity, and will taste delights not less pure, than those our Progenitor did in the State of innocence.

BOOK V.

B O O K V.

OF THE POWER OF THE PASSIONS OVER
THE WILL OF MEN.

C H A P T E R I.

THAT MEN ARE KNOWN AND DISCOVERED
BY STUDYING THEIR PASSIONS.

IT is not without reason that that great King, who knew how so well in his person to unite piety, poetry, and valour, compared the heart of man to the * abyfs; for these parts are so deep and capacious, and the heart of man is so vast in its desires, that even kingdoms cannot satisfy it. The abyfs is the repository of the treasures of nature, and God to exercise our industry, or punish our avarice, has hidden riches in the bowels of the earth: In like manner all the wealth, all the good things of man, are shut up in his heart. That part, which has the advantage of forming the thoughts, has the care of preserving them, and

* Psal. 33.

and it is from it that we borrow them to persuade or move the passions of those that hear us. But, as the abyfs consists of obscure places, which the rays of the Sun cannot enlighten, and where horror and night seem to have taken up their abode, so the heart of man is environed by darkness which cannot be dissipated, and all the sentiments he conceives are so hidden, that conjecture in vain labours to devine them: For words are not always the faithful images of his conceptions, and there is none but God alone that has the privilege of knowing them. Human prudence that boasts of penetrating far into futurity, is extremely embarrassed to discover his intentions; and the greatest thing a Statesman is able to compass, is when by his address he endeavours to read in the dissembling heart, and to observe in it thoughts that are designed to be concealed from him.

I know that Politics furnishes us with means to attain that knowledge, and that it prescribes rules for sounding that abyfs which seems to be bottomless. Sentiments are judged of by actions; in the eyes and face are read the most secret motions of the Soul; the bent of nature is observeable from the design; men may be so well studied

studied that their thoughts are guessed at; and one artifice discovers what the intention is to hide by another. But of all these ways, not one is easier nor more certain than that of the Passions; for they slip from us against our will, they betray us by their promptness and levity; we find by daily experience that it is much more difficult to restrain anger than keep our hands from acts of violence, and to impose silence on grief than on the mouth; Passions are roused without our leave, and by the impression they make on the face, inform our enemies of whatever passes in our heart. I therefore prize much that Poet's invention who calls the Passions tortures*, not only because they torment us by their rigour, but because they force us by their violence to confess the truth. One must be exceeding faithful to himself, not to declare himself by hatred, or by vanity; and he must have great authority over his passions to repress them, when an artful man makes it his business to set them in motion. The wisest forget their resolutions, and praise often or reproach forces a truth from their mouth, which prudence had

* *Vino tortus et irâ.* HOR.

had kept locked up there for several years together.

No Prince could be a greater dissembler than Tiberius; all his actions and his words were so covered that his intentions were impenetrable; his speech was quite enigmatical; and the Senate trembled as often as they were obliged to treat with so occult a man: Yet a word of Agrippina angered him, and made him say in that emotion, a thing which undoubtedly he would have kept to himself, if he had continued in his usual phlegm: For in checking her tartly, he reproaches her* for having no other reason to be dissatisfied than because she did not reign; so that the most reserved, the darkest of all men was betrayed by the heat of his passion, and left open the recesses of his heart by an indiscreet answer, which anger wrested from his mouth. Hence Politicians are never more embarrassed than when they treat with a man that speaks with coldness, and is so much a master over his affections, that they neither appear on his face, nor can be investigated from his actions or words: All the doors that open to his soul are fast shut,

* Tacit. Annal.

shut, and not being able to explore the depths of that abyfs, they are obliged to consult the persons that approach him, or believe what fame reports of him. But all these ways are uncertain, and he that grounds his belief on the reports of others, is in danger of finding not one true; for fame is light, enemies are liars, friends flatterers, and domestics consult their interest. Yet of all the persons that attend on the Great, there are none whose testimony is less liable to be suspected than that of domestics; and as their condition obliges them to study the humour of their masters, they must be better acquainted with their inclinations than others; Enemies know nothing but foibles, the hatred that blindfolds them, does not permit them to take an observation of virtues, and their judgments by being influenced by passion, are most commonly unjust; Friends see nothing but advantages, and their fondness makes them take faults for perfections; domestics are better informed than others, because they know their inclinations, and in those faithful mirrors read the most secret motions of their hearts: For when Princes appear in public, they study the turn of their countenance, they hide their thoughts,

thoughts, and are ashamed to act on the theatre what they do in the Cabinet; but when none but their domestics are witnesses of their actions, they do not force natural inclination, but give to their passions all the liberty they require.

'Tis therefore they are obliged to moderate them, lest by discovering their foibles, they give an advantage over them to those that approach them; and all private persons should be equally cautious, if desirous to retain their influence free and uncontrolled. When a passion once happens to become irregular, it is impossible to keep it secret; and when once it has taken wind, it is extremely difficult to keep our enemies from turning it to our disparagement. If women shewed no fondness for adulation, their honour would not be exposed to so many risques, but when a man is become acquainted with their weak side, and has observed that praise is agreeable to them, he insinuates himself into their mind by flattery, and makes himself their favourite by approving what they like. An ambitious man cannot be on his guard against him who has discovered his passion. Prizing nothing so much as glory, he relinquishes whatever he possesses for

for the acquisition, and thinks he gains much in exchange, when he lavishes substantial wealth for a phantom of applause. It must, in fine, be confessed that our passions are chains, that detain us as the captives of all those that know how to manage them.

When the Parricide Cataline, had concerted the destruction of his Country, and had resolved to change the Roman Republic into a cruel tyranny, he corrupted all the youth by adapting himself to their desires; he acquired partizans by flattering their humour, he gained over their will by seconding their inclinations; and promising posts of honour to the ambitious, women to the unchaste, and riches to the covetous, he formed a party wherein were engaged Pretors, men of Consular dignity, and some Senators. Such is the most usual artifice of the great Tempter of mankind, and the most dangerous stratagem he has recourse to for the seduction sinners. His insights, though the Prince of darkness, being very considerable, and having a knowledge of dispositions, he adjusts all his suggestions to their desires, and proposes nothing to them that is not conformable to their inclinations. He offers honours to

the haughty, he awakes in them a prospect of all the charms of their darling passion, he engages them in illicit measures for executing pernicious designs, and he endeavours to persuade them that there is no crime but has its share of glory, when committed for acquiring reputation. He solicits the voluptuous by infamous pleasures; if he cannot commend their sins, he excuses them by soft appellations; he calls natural that which is irrational, and as if Nature and Reason clashed with each other, he counsels them to follow the one and abandon the other. He animates the furious to revenge, gives specious titles to shameful passions, strives to make the resentment of an injury pass for an act of Justice; and thus invalidating all the maxims of Christianity, makes consummate courage to consist in fell rancour and murder. He persuades the avaricious that there is nothing so universal in request as riches; that our Ancestors have revered them, that our Posterity will honour them; that Nations so different in their sentiments, all agree in the esteem they have conceived for them; that fathers wish them for their children, and children desire them for their fathers; that those who make
profes-

professions of piety offer them up to God, and appease his anger by presents; and that poverty is infamous, being the scorn of the rich, and the punishment of the poor. That subtle enemy destroys likewise all men by flattering them; he gains over their minds by their affections; he fights them with their own weapons, and by a dangerous artifice, employs their passions to corrupt their will. Every one therefore is obliged to repress inclinations so prejudicial to our well being, and to submit to the direction of the Father of lights and mercies, all such irregular motions, as give our most powerful adversary an advantage over our liberty.

CHAPTER II.

THAT ARTS SEDUCE MEN BY THE MEANS
OF THE PASSIONS.

THE well conducting of the Passions is so important and so difficult, that the far better part of the Sciences seems to have been invented for prescribing rules for them. Though the human mind may make them subservient to its vanity,

the object of their first institution was nothing more than the government of our affections, and Philosophers adopted them for no other purpose than to cure souls by pleasure. Music, which now only flatters the ear, and touches the heart to be an incentive to impurity, was formerly directed in its tendency to repress their disorders. Being an harmonical proportion of different voices, it produced effects of a similar nature, and by arbitrating the discordant views and interests of the soul and body, it made them coalesce in a more intimate friendship, and live in perfect intelligence; it calmed the fury of the passions, and by its sweet accords, tamed those fierce beasts that devoured men midst the frenzy of their irritation. In those happy times Musicians were Philosophers; their art ere it had degenerated into the slave of voluptuousness, was the minister of virtue, and employed all its industry for the service of reason, whereas now it seduces the soul by the senses. Formerly, it charmed the affections by the ears; and with agreeable accents, not less powerful than words, persuaded good things, and retained men in their duty. Egyptus, it is said, could never corrupt Clitemnestra, till he had procured

cured him to be assassinated who was the guardian of her chastity by the sweetness of his lyre, and who frustrated all the designs of that foul adulterer by the melody of his voice. History more credible than fable, informs us that a flute-player made such powerful impressions on the mind of Alexander, that when he filled his instrument with a stronger tone than usual, he put the Conqueror in agitations; and in so great a degree spirited him up to battle, that he called for his arms to attack the enemy; but when he softened his modulations, that Prince found his martial ardour subside into calm, and as it was only a false alarm, resumed the sedateness of a placid countenance, fixing all his attention on him who could so powerfully enchant his ears. The Holy Scriptures of which the words are Oracles, assure us that the harp of David appeased Saul's Demon, and that that malign Spirit lost all his prevalency, when harmony introduced concord amongst the humours he had set on float, or dissipated the vapours he had excited. But Music has no longer that virtue; that which formerly delivered the possessed, abandons them to Demons, or if it be not productive of so ill an effect, it rouses our

passions, and by a strange mishap, but true, it exasperates the disorder its design was to cure. I am well satisfied that our Church-Music accords with piety, and contributes to inspire it, so much the more, as by a sweet violence it helps to abstract the Soul from the body, and raise the heart to heaven; but, indeed, all other sorts of music may in some measure be suspected: Tho' made to pass for innocent, I esteem them dangerous or useless, and I willingly join with Seneca* in telling Musicians, that instead of teaching us the method of adjusting the strings of a lute, or forming the measure of our voices, they should teach us to set in order our passions; and that instead of flattering our senses, they should touch our hearts and inspire our Souls with horror against vice, and love for virtue.

Poetry, which may be called the daughter of Music, formerly copied example from her mother, and employed all her beauties to animate Men to glorious actions. She sung the victories of Conquerors, and by the praises she bestowed on valour, made the Soldier courageous. Even her fictions were not without their utility: The vengeful Furies she introduced in her works,

* Sen. Epist. 88.

works, infused fear into the mind of the wicked, and impressed on the people a sense of their duty. The numbers and agreeable cadence of her verses, had the power of softening the most savage tempers, and she did not misinform when she wanted to persuade us, that her Orpheus made lions gentle, and trees walk about; and that he forced rocks to listen to, and follow him, because he produced all those effects in the hearts of men, and banished from them anger and stupidity: But this fine Art never appeared more pompous than when it trod the Stage, and filled by a new ardour, represented the punishment of Criminals, the tragic death of Tyrants, and calamitous success of injustice or impiety. It intimidated Princes, astonished Subjects, and by examples of fatality, taught the latter respect, the former clemency, and both Justice and Religion. Then all Comedies were instructions; the places where they were recited, were considered as Philosophic Academies, and the Auditory never thence departed without a thorough conviction of the necessity of being virtuous. But men, who corrupt the best things, at length abused Poetry, and subjected unjustly to their Passions,

that which reformed them by its advice. This innocent Art, which had courted Virtue only, became the slave of vice, and the immodest prophaned all its chaste beauties by making it instrumental to impurity. Since the time of its being so unhappily debased, Poetry was universally cried down; the Philosophers, who till then befriended the Poets, became their enemies, and exerted their whole authority and credit to exclude them all well-policed States: And indeed, they corrupted the People, and lest their verses might not be powerful enough to authorize Impudicity, they erected altars to that shameful Goddess, and by the incests of their Gods, excused or justified the adulteries of men, 'Tis well known that true Religion has reformed Poetry; that it has used its best endeavours to make it answer its primitive design, and to adorn it with its former beauties; that our Christian Poets are chaste in their compositions; that licentious Comedies are now banished the Stage, and such only admitted as have in view the condemning of vice: the rules likewise imposed on it, make no allowance for its being immodest, and by a happy necessity those that animate the science must constantly

stantly take the part of virtue: Yet, it unfortunately happens, that we must rather impute it to the disorder of nature than to that of Poetry, that chastity appears not so beautiful in verse as impurity; that the obedience of the Passions does not seem so agreeable as their rebellion; that we more frequently shew a greater attachment for violent than reasonable affections; that in proportion as Poets express them with more eloquence, auditors hear them with greater pleasure; and that whatever care is used, Comedy is a School of Virtue for great men only who are able to discern the appearance of truth, and detest vice, when even represented to them embellished with all the ornaments of virtue: But if the vulgar would examine themselves, they must confess that the verses of the theatre fill them with emotion, and impress on their minds all the sentiments of the persons that are introduced speaking.

Rhetoric is somewhat more happy in its designs than Poetry, and of whatever crimes Orators stand accused, I find them much more innocent than Poets: For as their principal end is to persuade truth, they are constrained to employ all artifices for combating the Passions contrary to it,
and

and it seems that in acquitting themselves of their duty, they perform also that of a Physician, and cure their Auditors of all their maladies. They appease their anger if too much irritated, they raise their courage if too much dejected, they make love succeed to hatred, pity to revenge, and repressing one emotion by another, bring forth tranquillity out of the Storm. This manner is so intimately connected with the condition of Orators, that by it only they differ from Philosophers. These have no other design than to convince the mind; they propose truths quite naked to it, and knowing it cannot see without revering them, they are more careful to discover than to adorn them. But Orators, whose design is to take possession of the mind by the senses, unite the elegance of expression with sound reasons, flatter the ear for touching the heart, and adopt the force of figurative speech to move the affections; they attack the two parts that compose man, making use of the weaker for prevailing against the stronger, and as the Devil destroyed man by means of the woman, they win over reason by the means of Passion.

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By these innocent artifices they formed cities, governed Republics, and long commanded over Monarchs, whose inclinations they studied and managed with so much address, that it seemed the heart of Princes was in the hands of Orators, and that Monarchy was become the Slave of Eloquence. Their conduct, however, was not without reproach, and their faults stand confessed. By having too often excited the motions of the inferior part of the Soul, they ruined the empire of the Superior; they could not cure the wounds they had opened, nor extinguish the flames they had kindled. Thinking to flatter the vanity of a Prince, they made him insolent, and with the view of inclining him to revenge, they made him cruel and barbarous; they could not keep to that golden Mean where Virtue is pleased to reside, and desiring to raise one passion in order to lower another, they gave it so much strength that it was no longer in their power to keep it subject to reason. This I take to be the mishap those expose themselves to, who presuming to become agreeable to Princes, flatter their tyrant inclination, and without considering the mischiefs resulting from so impudent a
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conduct, oppose it to all others, and render it insolent by its victories. The contrary way of proceeding would undoubtedly be the safer, for as the passion they had raised was the most violent, they should have employed all the others to weaken it, and should have made them conspire together to break its force. Add to this that Eloquence is often self-interested, neglecting the good of its Auditory, and being little solicitous, whether its praises wound their hearts, provided it obtains its demand. So behaved Cicero in regard to Cæsar. Desiring to save a criminal he defended, he opposed that Conqueror's pride to his revenge, and to destroy a passion that injured only one person, he roused that which had ruined the Republic, and oppressed the liberty of Rome. In this undoubtedly he was culpable, and trespassed against the laws of Eloquence, which was not so much invented for persuading men, as for making them virtuous, and which should not so much exert itself for moving the Passions, as for reinstating reason in her empire.

Politics seems to have better intentions than Rhetoric, for when it excites the fear or hope of men by promises or menaces,

naces, it consults the welfare of individuals, as well as the public tranquillity. If sometimes it punishes criminals by dreadful punishments, this is only in desperate cases, and when in vain it has tried the most gentle methods. I find notwithstanding that it may bring the Passions under a more just regulation than it does, and that without violating the respect due to Sovereigns, it would be easy to gain the hearts of Subjects, and keep them to their duty rather by love than fear. This we shall consider in the following Chapter, after concluding in this, that all Sciences are defective in the conducting of the Passions; and that to govern them properly, they should implore the assistance of Morality, and consult the precepts it lays down and inculcates, to conquer enemies equally obstinate and insolent.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

THAT THE CONCILIATING MEASURES
OF PRINCES, IN REGARD TO THEIR SUB-
JECTS ARE BY LOVE OR BY FEAR.

ALL Politicians agree in opinion, that rewards and punishments, are the two stable pillars that prop up all States, and that to govern People peaceably, their hopes and their fears must be excited by promises and menaces. In fact, no Republic or Monarchy has yet appeared, which from its original being and consistence, has not ordained honours and punishments for crimes and for virtues. That which was apprehensive of the teaching of vice by forbidding it, and of conveying a notion of parricide to its Subjects by punishing it, was constrained, at length, to have recourse to the common remedy of proposing to men rewards and penalties for awaking their hopes or fears. Experience shewed that to gain their will, it was necessary to gain their passions, and that in order to subject the higher part of their Soul, it was proper to be master
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over the lower. God himself governs the world by this innocent artifice; for, though, as more absolute than Kings, he may treat with the mind without interposition of the senses, yet he accommodates himself to the condition of men, and knowing that they are composed of a Soul and body, he makes no attempt on the former but by means of the latter, he renounces his rights to fit himself to the weakness of his creatures, and without using the power his Sovereignty gives him, he intimidates by menaces, or consoles them by promises. His will only should be a law to us, and to oblige us to form some design, it is enough that his intentions be known to us; yet he flatters us by proposing a Paradise, he dismays us by representing a Hell; and as if he was deeply concerned in our safety or danger, he employs all his graces to acquire our love, and avoid our hatred. When he treated with the Jews as with his Subjects, when by an excess of goodness he did not refuse to bear the quality of their Soverereign, when he gave them laws by the mouth of Moses, and when he governed them by the prudence of their Judges, who were images of him, he intimidated
them

them a hundred times by his chastisements, and sent pestilence and famine over their lands, to reduce them to obedience by fear : He likewise promised them a hundred times to extend the boundaries of their State, to assist them in their battles, and to give them the advantage over their enemies, that, his promises thus soliciting their hopes, he might gain their will by their passions. In short, all confess, that Politicians, after the example of Orators, cannot procure the assent of man with more force and attractive sweetness, than by stirring up the motions of his Soul, and getting the ascendant over his mind by the hope of honour, or the fear of pain. But they are not so well agreed, which of these two passions should be adopted, to bring the mind with greater certainty to its duty.

Those that argue on the side of fear, say that this Passion being servile in its nature, should be the portion of Subjects ; that they cannot be divested of this Sentiment without being divested of their condition ; and that they cannot with any propriety be raised to the quality of children or friends. They add, that it is in the power of the Sovereign to make him-

himself feared, and not to make himself beloved; that pains and penalties make a greater impression on the minds of those who obey than rewards; that Love is always voluntary, and that Fear may be forced; that love as well as familiarity may create contempt, a capital enemy to Monarchy: That Fear can be productive only of hatred, which hurts more the reputation than the power of Kings; that as prudence would have of two evils, the less chosen, it should be more advisable to lose the love of the people, the better to retain their respect, and to say with an ancient Author, "Let them hate so they fear me:" They confirm all these reasons by examples, and shew that the severest empires have been the most flourishing; that penalties have always exceeded rewards, and that in the Roman Republic, where nothing more than an Oak-Crown was given to the Soldiers for mounting a breach, they were punished severely or put to death, for quitting their rank, or deserting their Standard; that God himself, whose conduct ought to serve as an example to all Princes, had governed his people with more severity than mildness; that he was constrained to explain himself by the voice of thunder to make himself

obeyed; that his authority was secured only by the death of the rebellious; and that whatever inclination he had for mercy, he was compelled to have recourse to justice. They say, lastly, that Sovereignty is somewhat odious; that Love and Majesty can hardly agree together; that none can reign over men, and make themselves beloved by them; that they are so jealous of their liberty, that they hate every encroachment on it; and that Princes, according to the Gospel * maxim have not greater enemies than their Subjects.

Those that side with Love, produce reasons not less specious, and more true in the main. They say that the Sovereign being the father of his Subjects, is obliged to treat them as his children; that fear makes them masters only of the body, but that love makes them reign over our hearts; that those who fear their masters, seek the end of their servitude, but that those who love them, do not think of recovering their liberty; that the Princes, who govern with rigour cannot live in security; that necessity so orders it that they who give occasion to fear, must feel its

* Mat. c. 10.

its impressions themselves in their turn, and must apprehend the revolt of people, who obey them only by constraint; that if violent things are not durable, an Empire founded on violence cannot long subsist. And to answer satisfactorily the reasons opposed to them, they reply, that Love obtains an easier ingress into the heart than Fear, and that if the measures creative of fear are disgustful, there are innocent charms to beget love; that on generous souls rewards make deeper impressions than punishments, and that the promises of a Prince animate more his soldiers than his menaces; that contempt cannot proceed from love, because love arises from esteem, and is always accompanied with respect; that the most just monarchies and not the most severe, have been the most flourishing, and that if in the Roman Republic punishments exceeded rewards, it was not because fear sunk deeper into minds than love, but because vice has not so many deformities as virtue has beauties, and because it is not necessary to propose honours to that which finding all its glory in itself, is as satisfied in silence, as amidst acclamations and applause; that if God had treated his peo-

ple with rigour, he did so contrary to his inclination ; and that his lenity has been much more powerful than his severity, the one having been only able to acquire for him the extent of Judea, but the other having reduced to his obedience the whole world. It is the difference of the two laws which St. Paul represents to us so often in his writings : One made slaves, the other produced children ; one strengthened the party of sin, the other destroyed its tyranny. They add that Sovereignty is not odious, having been consecrated in the person of Jesus Christ, who willing to serve as a pattern to all the Kings of the earth, did not use his power but as instrumental to his mercy, and did not perform miracles but to help the afflicted. Lastly, that subjects do not regret the loss of their liberty, because being voluntary it is agreeable ; that Princes are not objects of fear, being the images of God, and that there have been some even among Infidels, who were the * delight of their people during life, and their regret after death.

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* Sueton. in Tito.

Though these answers are so pertinent that they cannot be contradicted, it seems notwithstanding that the two parties may be reconciled, and their differences adjusted in such manner, that both must find their advantage: For though mildness be preferable to rigour, and though a State be better founded on love than fear, there are occasions wherein the Prince must make clemency bend to severity, and wherein he is obliged to set aside for a moment the quality of father to exercise that of Judge. The temper of his subjects ought to be the rule of his own; if they are fickle and proud, he must adopt rigorous measures to teach them obedience and fidelity; if they are factious and prone to rebellion, he must make some examples, and by punishing a few, strike a terror into the rest; if they are restless and desirous of novelties, they should be condemned to some labours to keep them in action: But amidst all these chastisements, he should remember that he is the chief of his State, that his subjects are a part of himself, and that he is obliged to be as reserved in punishing them, as a surgeon in amputating the leg or arm of a patient. If nothing should happen in his kingdom urging him to ri-

gour, if all things are peaceful in it, and if the people he governs are disposed to second by their motions the salutary purposes of the laws, he ought to treat them gently, and allow them an honest liberty, which may persuade them that they are rather his children than subjects, and that having reserved only to himself the marks of Sovereignty, he suffers them to reap all the fruits. He should, in fine, use no rigour but when clemency little avails, and in his conduct as in that of God, mildness should always forego severity, that all may be sensible, he does not punish the guilty by inclination, but through necessity. The power of Princes is formidable enough by its grandeur, without rendering it odious by cruelty. A word from them dismays all their subjects; the punishment of one criminal intimidates all others; their wrath makes the innocent to tremble; and as the thunderbolt does little harm, yet excites deadly fear. In this manner Princes cannot punish a private person without terrifying their whole state. I therefore hold with the wisest politicians, that Sovereignty ought to be tempered with Sweetness, and that being accom-
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panied with all the qualities that can make it dreaded, it ought to seek after all those that may make it beloved.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT PASSION OUGHT TO REIGN IN
THE PERSON OF THE PRINCE.

ONE of the greatest misfortunes that can happen in religion, is the liberty men take in framing for themselves a Divinity that is agreeable to them. In the first ages each person adored the work of his hands, and made an Idol for himself, whose whole value depended on the artificer's industry, or the excellency of his materials. In after-times, when minds were polished into some refinement, the Poets made Gods that were sensible, and assigned to them all the affections that render us criminal or wretched: They are observed making love in their Writings, they are seen to fight in Fable, and in their persons are remarked all the sentiments of those that had invented them. The Philosophers indignant to admit in Gods so much injustice, formed more ra-

tional ones, and proposed to the people the Idols of their mind. Each figured to himself a God according to his inclinations, and gave him his own fanciful advantages. Some sunk him in indolence, and not to disturb him in his quiescent state, deprived him of the knowledge and direction of our affairs. Some made him so good that he suffered all crimes without punishing them, and treated as favourably the guilty as the innocent. Others represented him so rigorous, that it should seem he had not created men but to destroy them, and that his sole contentment consisted in the death of his subjects. The disorder passed from Religion into the state, and according to the ages men lived in, they formed to themselves different ideas of the person of Kings, and imagined in their Princes no other perfections but such as they were acquainted with: For in the earliest times of the world, when people preferred the body to the mind, they made choice of Kings, whose stature exceeded the common, and whose strength equalled that of Giants. It seems likewise that God was willing to comply with this fancy, when he gave Saul to the Israelites, for the Scripture ob-

serves

erves that he was higher by the whole head than the tallest of his subjects; and when the Poets describe their heroes, they never fail to attribute to them that advantage: But when time had fully informed us that our well-being did not reside in the body, the mind, or intellects of men, who had been thought of for Kings, came into consideration; and their choice fell upon those who had most conduct or courage; their inclinations came also under inspection, and knowing the power they might obtain over the will of others, not less account was made of them than of virtues.

But opinions are so greatly divided on this subject, that it may be said that each politician forms to himself a Prince according to his humour, and assigns him the passion that is most agreeable to himself. Some have wished him divested of every passion, and as being the image of God, would have him raised above creatures, so as to be told all the movements of the earth without emotion; but it is well known that to be of a more elevated condition than his subjects, he is not of a different nature, and not being exempt from bodily maladies, he cannot avert
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from himself the passions of the mind. Some others have believed that he should have all passions, and like the Sun and Stars, should be in perpetual motion, and direct all his cares and thoughts to the welfare and preservation of the State. Some again are of opinion that the desire of glory is the most lawful passion for a Prince; for as Fortune has given him all the wealth that depends on his power, all his endeavours should stretch into one point of view, the acquisition of honour, and so much the more, as virtue is preserved, and as he who flights reputation, cannot have an esteem for Justice. Add to this that the Sovereign should never think of making himself illustrious in future ages by the pomp of buildings, but by the greatness of his actions; that holding all other things in contempt, the sole object of his thoughts should be to leave after death the happy memory of his reign, to which generous design nothing would so amply contribute as the insatiable desire of glory: That riches are the stores of private men, but honour the treasure of Kings, and that to acquire it, he should willingly hazard all the rest. Some others less glorious, but more reasonable, have judged that

that fear should reign in the Soul of Princes, and as their prudence exceeded their valour, the apprehension of danger ought in like manner surpass in them the desire of glory; for besides that their fortune is exposed to a thousand accidents, the more it is elevated, being the more perilous; the more it is brilliant, being the more frail; they are obliged to prevent these accidents by their care, to weather out the storm by their constancy, and to descend from their felicity to become sensible of the wretchedness of their Subjects.

All these opinions are supported by examples; for there have been Kings, who so well moderated their passions, that they seemed to have none: Ill success did not dismay them, and they received the news of a defeat, with the same composure as they did that of a victory; the different functions they were obliged to discharge, made no alteration in the tranquillity of their mind; they punished crimes with the same placid countenance they rewarded virtue, and whatever change was seen in their States, not the least was perceptible in their person, which seemed to be raised to so high a degree of perfection, that it
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may be said of them, that amidst the weakness of a man they possessed the security and confidence of a God. Others have been seen to govern not less prosperously, who were of a quite different disposition. Their empire being not less dear to them than their own body, no alteration could happen in it without appearing in their looks; good success cheered them into smiles, disastrous events sorely afflicted them; even the ills that did but threaten them at a distance, lay heavy on their minds, and all that happened to their state made such lively impressions on them, that it seemed as if they lived in two bodies, and that having two lives to lose, they had likewise two deaths to fear. I dare not blame these inquietudes, as arising from extreme love; and it would be unjust to condemn a Prince, who makes himself wretched with no other view than to make his subjects more happy. Augustus was of this temper. Though he had endeavoured to acquire that constancy of mind, which might be proof against its perturbations, yet he could not help by words and actions to betray resentment for any mismanagement in the affairs of the Republic,

Republic, much more to lament any calamity that had befallen it. The defeat of Varus cost him tears, and that misfortune, against which he was not prepared, made him speak in a manner that may be rather imputed to his affection than weakness, as on other occasions he had given so many proofs of fortitude.

The greatest number is of those who have laboured for glory, and whose predominant passion was to acquire honour. Nothing seemed to them difficult provided it was glorious, when by an irreparable misfortune, they neglected virtue when obscure, and esteemed vice when illustrious. In their opinion it was as lawful to overthrow the State as to found it, to oppress the republic as to defend it, to wage war against allies as against enemies. They ran in quest of glory by illicit ways, and as some make fortunate crimes pass for virtues, these took glorious acts of injustice to be feats of heroism: Such were the maxims of the first of the Cæsars. The ambition he was possessed with had persuaded him that whatever was instrumental to acquire honour for him, was not infamous; and that he should never deliberate

deliberate whether an enterprize was lawful or not, so he might raise his reputation, and make his name illustrious in history. His Son-in-law Pompey had the same sentiments, and though his designs were palliated by more specious pretexts, their motives were not better; for under the appearance of preserving the Commonwealth he encreased his private authority, and by a detestable artifice, employed the Senate to establish his tyranny. No great depth of Politics is required to perceive that so irregular a Passion is of great disadvantage to States, and that it is not that which should reign in the heart of Princes.

I should therefore gladly side with those who attribute this honour to a zeal for justice. And indeed, it is matter of singular importance that this innocent affection should animate the heart of Monarchs; for the happiness of the People, being the end of all their labours, it is necessary that Justice which produces and maintains it, should be the end of all their desires, and that in the variety of conditions which compose States, it should be duly and impartially administered for the
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sake of the public good and tranquillity. He that has not that virtue, knows not how to reign; and though he may have all others, he is unworthy to bear the Sceptre, as not having that which constitutes the goodness of Sovereigns and the felicity of kingdoms.

End of the First Part.

PART

P A R T II.

OF THE PASSIONS IN PARTICULAR.

B O O K I.

OF LOVE AND HATRED.

C H A P T E R I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF LOVE.

THEOLOGY teaches us that there is nothing more hidden, nor better known than the God whom we adore. His essence fills the world, and his immensity is so great, that he can produce nothing without containing it; all his creatures are images of his grandeur, and proofs of his power; they cannot be seen without knowing him, and they discover to us by their motions, what the Prophets declare to us by their writings: Yet nothing

thing is more secret than he is; he is every where, and he is no where; he makes himself to be perceived, and does not let us suffer himself to be felt; he surrounds us, and does not let us come near him; all People know that he is, and all Philosophers are ignorant of what he is. The belief of him is so deeply graved and so intimately blended with our essence, that to deface it, we must annihilate ourselves; yet our mind cannot comprehend him, and the radiance of that Sun is so bright, that it dazzles every eye which would fain behold it.

Tho' love be but a passion of the Soul, it has the advantage common with the Divinity, that it is as secret as public, and that there is nothing in nature more evident nor more hidden. All speak of it as the Soul that preserves the Universe, and as a sacred knot that maintains the society of the world. Our desires declare it such, and the Man that forms a wish, testifies that he has love. Our hopes proclaim it, and all our passions discover it: Yet it abides secreted in the bottom of our heart, and all the marks it affords of its presence, are so many clouds that hide it from our minds. Men feel its power, and cannot explain its ef-

fence; those even that live under its empire, and revere its laws, are little acquainted with its nature.

The Poets, who were interested in aggrandizing it, would have it pass for a God. They gave it this august name, lest its violence might be blamed, and by a false piety endeavoured to excuse its real madness. The Platonics make a Demon of it, and attribute to it so absolute a power over the passions, that they would have even hatred obedient to its will, and therefore with the view of pleasing it, they imagine hatred ready to change all its rage into sweetness. The Stoics call it a madness, and judging of its nature by its effects, cannot believe that this movement of our Soul is under any just regulation, being as often fatal to us as hatred, and withal so impolitic in its conduct, that it frequently offends those whom it was its intention to oblige. The Peripatetics dare not give it a name for fear of being mistaken; and Aristotle, who forms definitions of the most abstruse things, contents himself with describing it, consigning us over to the despair of becoming acquainted with a passion he was ignorant of: Sometimes he calls it a grace or charm, sometimes an inclination, sometimes a complaisance

fance, and informs us by these different terms, that the nature of Love is not less hidden than that of the Soul.

Amongst so many doubts some Philosophers assure us, that Love is the first impression, which the sensible good makes on the heart of man; that it is an agreeable wound which he has received from a beautiful object; that it is the ray of a Sun which warms him; that it is a charm whose secret virtue attracts him; and that it is the principle of motion which carries him towards an apparent or real good. But if I may be allowed to set aside common sentiments, to follow truer ones, I would venture to say that Love includes all the passions in its idea, bearing different names according to its different States, though use will have it adopt in its birth the most glorious appellation: For when inclination is forming in the heart, and an agreeable object sweetly carries away the will, it is called Love; when it falls forth from itself, to seek an attachment with what it loves, it is called Desire; when it is more vigorous, and its strength promises success, it is called Hope; when it is animated against the difficulties that oppose its contentment, it is called Anger;

when it prepares itself for fighting, and seeks for arms to defeat its enemies, or to assist its allies, it is called valour and fortitude: But in all these States, it is Love; the name, which Philosophers have made it affect in its birth, belongs to it not less in its progress; and if when but yet a Child, it bears so honourable a title, it deserves it still better, when grown up by desires, and fortified by hopes. It is true that this first State is the rule of all others, and as rivulets derive their greatness from their source, so all the Passions borrow their force from that first inclination, which is called Love: For so soon as it is smitten with the beauty of its object, it kindles desires, excites hopes, and makes all the passions catch fire that are subject to its empire. It is in the will as on a throne, whence it gives orders to all its subjects; it is in the bottom of the Soul as in a fort, whence it inspires its Soldiers with courage; it is as the heart that gives life to all the limbs, and its power is so great, that no example can be properly expressive of it. Kings often find disobedience in their subjects, the most valiant Captains are sometimes abandoned by their Soldiers, and the heart cannot always

ways transmit its spirits through all the limbs of the body; but Love is so absolute in its state, that it never finds resistance to its will; all the Passions rise up to execute its commands, and as the motion of the Moon is thought to cause the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, so the motion of Love brings with it peace and trouble into the mind.

Now this Love, whose nature is so hidden, has several branches, and may be divided into natural and supernatural. The latter is that which God diffuses into our will, to make us capable of loving him as our father, and of aspiring to glory as our inheritance. The former is that which nature impressed on our souls, to unite us with objects which are agreeable to us; and this is divided into spiritual and sensible love. The spiritual resides in the will, and deserves rather the name of virtue than of Passion; the sensible is the lower part of the soul, and its commerce being with the senses, it is therefore properly called Passion. These two Loves are again divided into two others, one of which is called the Love of friendship, and the other the Love of interest. The first is the more noble, and he who is influ-

enced by it, has nothing in view but the advantages of him he loves; he wishes or procures him good, and without any other consideration than honour and his friend's satisfaction, will make a sacrifice of himself for his sake, and deem himself happy to lay down his life to assure him of his affection: 'Twas this generous passion that performed all the fine actions which are recorded in history; it was the same that raised admiration in Tyrants, and made those enemies of Society wish to love and to be loved, justly judging that Sovereigns are better guarded by their friends than by their soldiers, and that all their power is weak, if not supported by the friendship of their subjects. The Second Love, which is the interested, is as common as it is unjust; for most affections being founded on utility or pleasure, those who devote themselves to them, have not so much friendship as Self-love, and if they did but declare their sentiments, they would confess that they love themselves in their friends, and do not cherish them so much for the sake of virtue, as for their expectancies from them. We therefore see that these affections are not lasting but so long as they are useful or agreeable, and that the
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same interest which gave life to them, reduces them at length to the state of death. Their attachment is to the fortune, but not to the person, and they are a commerce which subsists only whilst maintained by the hope of profit or pleasure.

Of the many sorts of love, which Philosophy has taken notice of, we consider here only that which resides in the inferior part of the Soul, whether it has virtue or interest for its ground-work; and as we know its nature, we will now examine its qualities. The first is, that it always seeks after Good, and never attaches itself to an object, that has not its appearance or reality: For as nature is the work of God, its disorder cannot be so great as not still to retain some remains of its primitive inclinations; and having been destined for possessing the Sovereign Good, it must necessarily sigh after it. By an error therefore very well deserving to be excused, it seeks a connection with every thing that bears its image, and by an instinct which has continued with it in its disorder, it suffers itself to be charmed with all things that make a shew of goodness or beauty. As if it had found what it sought, it indiscreetly becomes attached to it, and by

a deplorable misfortune often admits lies for truth. It incurs the guilt of idolatry, thinking to perform acts of piety, and rendering to works what is due only to the workman, is culpable of the same crime as a Lover, who by a strange infatuation of mind, should forget the mistress he serves, and become enamoured of her picture. This fault should be rather imputed to man than to his love, for that being blind, it follows its inclinations; not being able to discern the appearance of truth, it loves the good that presents itself; not to want that it seeks after, it unites itself to that it finds, and is only culpable by being too faithful. But man can plead no excuse for his transgression, because reason is his guide, and he may learn from reason, that all the good things which are objects of the senses, are but shadows of that which he ought to love. He must therefore correct his love, and hinder its attachment to objects, which are fine and splendid in reality, but do not constitute the Sovereign Beauty he wants to enjoy. When he judges the qualities they possess may lead him astray, he should avoid them as snares, and make noble efforts against himself, to disengage himself from
Creatures,

Creatures, that they might not make him forget the Creator.

From this first property of Love, there arises a second, and this is, that it is never at rest, being always in quest of what it loves. Seeing so many shadows, as it does, of that supreme Beauty which it adores, it is always in action. Leaving one to take up the other, it investigates in all, what it cannot find in one alone, and its change is not so much a proof of its levity as of their vanity. It becomes wise at their expence; not finding what it requires in the beauty it was infatuated with, it repents of its errors, and courts another object, which it is still constrained to break off with, as possessing but a part of that Universal Good it is captivated with. Its inconstancy would last as long as life, if Reason did not inform it, that what it desires is invisible, and that our sojourning here, is not destined for possession, but for hope. Then it vilifies what it esteemed, and considering that natural beauties are but degrees to raise us to the Supernatural Beauty, it loves them with reserve, and uses them as means to arrive at the proposed end.

The powerful impression made by this Beauty on Love, causes its third property, which

which is, that it cannot live at rest, and that solicited by its desires, it is always in a state of action. It resembles the Stars in its nature, which are in perpetual motion; the end of one labour gives birth to another, and before finishing its first design, it forms a second. It resembles likewise those conquerors, who egged on by ambition prepare constantly for new engagements, without ever tasting the pleasure of victory. I cannot therefore approve the invention of Poets, who have feigned that Love was the Son of Indolence; for if his genealogy be true, it must be confessed that he retains but little of the mother's temper. And indeed, that unfortunate Poet, who was the Martyr of Love, and who saw himself justly persecuted, for having forged arms against the chastity of women, confesses that this passion is active, that so far from being born in an inert state, it obliges its partizans to become soldiers, and that in order to love, one must resolve to wage war. Hence it happens that St. Augustine mingling sacred with prophane love, makes them both equally active, and acknowledges that a true affection cannot be idle. Ambition, which is the love of honour, is a good proof of this, by making so great an impression on the heart of the Ambitious,

Ambitious, that they have no manner of rest, and constantly give themselves more pain, than they make those oppressed by them suffer. Avarice, which is the love of riches, not less authorizes this truth than Ambition, because the wretches possessed by it, tear up the bowels of the earth, that they might not be useless, and search after hell, as it were, before their death, that they might not be exempt from labour during their life. That property is so peculiar to Love, as not to be found in the other passions, for though our desires are the first rivulets that flow from that source, yet if they admit of any relaxation, and are tired of seeking out a distant Good, they permit us to take a little rest: We often wipe away our tears, and if we do not make peace, we procure some sort of truce with grief; we do not always meditate revenge; anger is least durable, when most impetuous and violent; our hatred sleeps sometimes, and it is a new injury that must awake it; our joys are so short, that the longest last but moments, and they are so deeply in love with a tranquil and undisturbed situation, that they cease being agreeable, so soon as they become active. But Love is always in action; it does not wait till age gives it strength to act; it forms

forms designs as soon as born; when desires and hopes abandon it, still it cannot help thinking of what it loves, and vainly entertaining itself with the notions of a happiness it cannot possess. In short, activity is so natural to it, that its life consists in motion, and as the heart, it ceases to live, when it ceases to move.

Hence proceeds its fourth property, which is the strength that accompanies it in all its designs: For though still in the birth, it is vigorous if true, and yielding proofs of its courage, it tames monsters which it is not yet acquainted with, and measuring its strength by its desires, believes it can do every thing it pleases. Difficulties do not deter it, when proposed for stopping its course; then does it fancy that the design is to make trial of its will, and spurred on by glory it makes an effort to conquer them, admitting no excuses nor giving any itself. Before it will own to its want of power, it tries its whole force, and often reduces enemies, whom the most generous virtues dared not to attack. Hence the scriptures compare it to * death, not only because it separates us from ourselves,

* Aug. in Psal. 121.

selves, to unite us with what we love, but because nothing can resist it: For of the many pains divine Justice has at hand to punish us, death is the only one which we cannot ward off; we guard against the injury of the elements by cloaths and houses; we conquer the sterility of the earth, by the ardour of our labour; we correct aliments, by the help of medicine; we subject wild beasts to our obedience, by cunning or strength; we often convert our pains into pleasures, and we draw advantages from the wretchedness of our condition, which we might not have found in the state of innocence: But nothing can resist death, and if Physicians have discovered secrets to prolong life, they are still at a loss to find means of defence against this enemy. It commits ravages all over the earth, it pardons neither age nor sex, and Palaces, environed by many guards, cannot secure Kings from its assaults: And thus it is that Love finds no difficulties but what it surmounts, no pride but what it humbles, no power but what it subdues, and no rigour but what it softens.

Lastly, by another property not less considerable than the foregoing, it spreads
 a charm

a charm upon labour, can mingle pleasure with trouble, and to animate us to difficult actions, can devise means to make them agreeable or glorious. Hunting is rather an occupation than diversion, it is an image of war, and men that pursue wild beasts seem to initiate themselves in the study of conquering their enemies: victory is here doubtful as well as in battles, and honour is sometimes purchased by the loss of life: Yet all these toils are the hunter's pleasure, and his passion for that exercise makes him call a pastime, what reason should make him call a punishment. War has nothing agreeable; its very name is odious; though injustice, disorder, and fear might not accompany it, its horrors are abundantly sufficient to excite a general consternation; in it death is seen in a hundred different shapes; it has no exercise, wherein peril does not surpass glory, and it puts the soldiery upon no trials, that are not as bloody as honourable: Yet those, who love war, make it their delight, all its ugliest features they esteem beautiful, and by an inclination resulting rather from their love than humour, find all their pleasures in its dangers, and taste the sweetness of peace amidst the tumults of war,

war, whence it may be said that the labours of Lovers are never troublesome, and that with the view of serving the object of their love, they feel no pain, or if they do, they cherish it.

But there would be no end if we were to take notice of all the properties of Love; I therefore pass over to its effects, which being its images, will represent to us its natural disposition, and teach us what it desires, by discovering to us what it can do. The first of its miracles is that which is called * Extacy, for it abstracts the Soul from the body which she animates, to unite her with the objects which she loves; it separates us from ourselves by a sweet violence, and there happens on that wonderful division, what Holy writ attributes to the Spirit of God: For the true Lover is never with himself, and if we want to find him, we must seek for him in the person whom he adores; he would have us know that contrary to the laws of prudence, he is always out of himself, and that he has renounced all the cares of self-preservation, ever since he became the slave of his love. The Saints derive their glory from
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* Dionys. de divin. nominib. cap. 4.

this extacy, and the Truth that speaks from their mouth, obliges them to confess, that they live * more in Jesus Christ than in themselves. Now, as to live in another, one must die to himself, it follows that death, accompanies that life, and that sacred and prophane Lovers cannot love without obliging themselves to die. 'Tis true, that death is of advantage to them, as procuring them a life more agreeable to them than that which they have lost: For they rise again in those whom they love, and by a miracle of love, are born again out of their ashes as the Phoenix, and recover life in the very bosom of death. Whoever conceives not well this truth, cannot understand the words whereby St. Paul informs us, that † we are dead to ourselves, and alive in Jesus Christ.

This effect produces another which is scarce less admirable; for as Lovers have no other life than that which they borrow from their love, it happens infallibly that they are transformed into it, and that ceasing to be what they were, they begin to be what they love; they change condition as well as nature, and by a wonder which
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* Gal. c. 2.

† Col. c. 3.

should surpass all belief, if it was not common, become like unto what they cherish. 'Tis true, that this power is more visible in divine than prophane love ; for though Kings debase themselves by loving their Subjects, and renounce their grandeur, whenever they engage in friendship ; yet they do not raise to the throne all those they love ; jealousy which is inseparable from royalty, does not permit them to give their crown to him who possesses their heart : But though they should proceed to that excess, the maxim would be true in regard to them only, and their subjects could not change condition by the effort of their love ; for to love grandeurs, one does not become the Sovereign ; to love riches, one is not more amply provided with them ; the affection for health, has never yet cured the sick, and we never yet have seen the mere passion of knowledge make men learned : But divine love has so much power, that it raises us above ourselves, and by a strange metamorphosis, makes us be what it had made us love ; it restores innocence to the guilty ; of slaves it makes children ; it changes Demons into Angels, and not to diminish its virtue by

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thinking to exaggerate it, it is sufficient to say that of men it makes Gods.

We therefore do wrong to complain of our wretchedness, and to accuse our Creator for not having equalled our condition to that of Angels; for though these pure spirits have great advantages over us, and though we hope for no other happiness than what they possess, yet we are happy enough, since we are allowed to love God, and are made to hope, that Love transforming our nature into its own, we shall only exchange our mortal and perishable part, to acquire that which is incorruptible and eternal. Such is the consolation of divine Lovers, and the only means to aspire without being criminal to the felicity which Lucifer cannot wish for without impiety.

I cannot conclude this chapter without justly reproaching all those, who being capable of loving God, bind down their affections to earth, time, and frivolous pursuits, thereby depriving themselves of that supreme felicity, which the Divine Love holds out and promises to them. By loving creatures, they cannot share in their perfections, without partaking of their defects. After great labour and anxiety

xiety they sometimes change an obscure and tranquil condition, for another more ostensible, but more dangerous. We thus constantly run some risque in placing our love on creatures, and the advantage that may accrue from this love, is never so pure, as not to be found mingled with some disgrace; for whatever passion we may entertain for them, we are not assured of their having any for us; and yet it is in this mutual affection, in this friendly correspondence, that the wonderful change is performed, which passes for the principal effect of Love: But consecrating our affections to God, we do not expose ourselves to the least reverse of fortune; his perfections are not accompanied with faults, and by making an exchange with him we well know that it cannot be to our disadvantage: Our Love is never without gratitude, being rather the effect than the cause of his, and we do not love him, without his loving us first. He is so just, that he never denies to our affection the reward it deserves. He is not of the disposition of those faithless mistresses, who amidst the circle of their Lovers prefer such as have most grace in the external embellishments of

form to those who have most love. In our commerce with him we are fully assured that he who has most charity, will have most glory, and that the most faithful Lover will be always the most honoured.

C H A P T E R II.

OF THE ILL USE OF LOVE.

NOTHING being so sacred but may be prophaned by some sacrilege, we need not be astonished, if Love, the most holy Passion of our Soul, meets with impious persons to make it instrumental contrary to its inclination, to their pernicious designs. As it seeks only after the Sovereign good, it is with some sort of violence, it is constrained to love those particular goods, which are but shadows of that which it desires. Therefore to deceive it, sin must have disordered our nature, and must have converted our natural love into self-love, making of the source of our whole well-being, the origin of all our ills. During the state of Innocence, man did not love himself but for God, and Nature was so well tempered with Grace, that all his inclinations were holy.

holy. In this happy condition, Charity was confounded with self-love, and man did not dread doing an injury to his neighbour by loving himself: But since his disobedience, his love changed its nature, and that which could behold with the same eye, the advantages of others and his own, began to separate them, and forgetting what he owed to God, made a God of himself. He confounded all the laws of Innocence, as if he had been the only one existing in the world; he renounced the sweets of Society; he formed a resolution to regulate his affections by his interests, and to love nothing but what was useful or agreeable to him. This mischief spread as a poison throughout nature, and without the help of Grace, Reason could not guard against it; the finest actions lost their lustre by it, and Philosophy with all its precepts, could not reform a disorder, which had rather struck deep roots into nature than into the will; It made some efforts to resist the monster, and perceiving a glimmer of light through the ambient darkness, confessed that man was not so much for himself as for his country, and that he should rather study the glory of the state, than the good of his family;

It judged that the love of the neighbour ought to be modelled on our own, and believed that by prescribing to treat him as ourselves, it had corrected all the abuses of human Society. But, as the disorder lay not in the mind alone, its advice was not sufficient to effect a cure, and it was obliged to confess, that none but He who had produced men, was able to reform them : And indeed our calamitous situation found no remedy till Grace came to its assistance, neither did we breathe in true liberty, till Jesus Christ came into the world to banish self-love from our Souls. His coming had no other motive, and his doctrine no other view, than the destruction of that dreadful monster. He attacks it by all his maxims, and not a word proceeds from his divine mouth, that does not give it a mortal blow. He protests that he will have no disciples, who have not changed self-love into a Holy aversion ; and that he cannot suffer in his state subjects, who are not disposed to lay down their lives for the glory of their Sovereign. He does not condemn the excess of wealth, and the desire of honours, but because actuated by two very disorderly passions, Avarice and Ambition. He does
not

not oblige us to love our enemies, but in order to teach us to hate ourselves. Mortification and humility, the ground-work of his doctrine, tend only to destroy that inordinate affection, which we entertain for the endowments of our own mind or body. In short, he has not given us charity but to destroy self-love, and he did not die on a cross, but to put to death that enemy, which is the cause of all our quarrels and dissensions.

It seems, therefore, we should acknowledge that this evil is comprehensive of all others, and that there is no disorder in the world but must look to it as its principle; and I believe, that not only there is no making a good Christian of a man who loves himself to excess, but I maintain, that according to the laws of Politics and Morality, he can neither approve himself the honest man nor the good Citizen; for Justice is absolutely necessary in all these conditions, and that virtue cannot coalesce with self-love. Justice requires that a reasonable man should prefer the inclinations of the Soul to the gratifications of the body, and should preserve to that Sovereign, all the rights of her authority: Self-love that always shews a propensity to indulge carnal

nal appetite, would have the slave govern his master, and the body retain command over the mind. Justice requires that a man of integrity should form no wishes surpassing his merit or birth, and teaches him to be happy and innocent, he must prescribe bounds to his designs: Self-love commands us to follow the bent of our inclinations, and to make vanity the rule of our desires; it flatters our ambition, and the better to insinuate itself into our mind, permits us whatever we please. Justice would have a good citizen prefer the public interest to that of his family; it would have him disposed to lose his fortune, and sacrifice his person for the preservation of the state; it persuades him that no death is more glorious than that which is suffered for the defence of the country, and that the Horatii and Scevolæ were not illustrious in the Roman History, but for having offered themselves up as victims for the glory of their republic: Though nothing is more natural to men than the love of their children, some have been found in whom Justice destroyed that * sentiment, to preserve that

* — Gnatosq; Pater nova bella moventes,
Ad pœnam pulchrâ pro libertate vocabat,

Æn. 6.

that of good Citizens, and who solicited by that virtue, turned out the executioners of those, whose fathers they were, teaching by so rigorous an example, that the love of the country ought to conquer the love of blood. A state cannot be happy, wherein these maxims admit of doubt. As often as the public interest is made to give way to a private, so often it threatens ruin, and there will be no less difficulty in guarding against subjects, than against enemies. Yet self-love makes a man exert his most strenuous endeavours, for his own pleasure or for his glory; it constitutes him the end of all his actions, and shuts him up so close within himself, that it doth not allow him the least consideration of the public; if he renders any service to the public, it is for his own private emolument, and when he appears most intent upon procuring the tranquillity of the state, he either wishes for its servitude or plots its destruction. Marius and Sylla are proofs of these truths. Pompey and Cæsar have shewn how dangerous the Citizens are, who love themselves better than the Republic, and who to retain their power, make no scruple of oppressing its liberty.

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In religion, this unjust passion is still more fatal, for Piety can never accord with self-love. No sensible person will disallow, that in order to be pious, it is necessary to be submissive to the will of God; that we ought to receive from his hands, rewards and punishments with an equal degree of submission; that we should adore his thunderbolts which have smote us, and to have as much respect for his justice as for his mercy; that we must exercise severity on ourselves to be obedient to him: that it is piety to immolate the innocent to him when he so requires, and as there is no creature that is not indebted to his power for life, there is not one but is obliged to lose it for his glory. Now, what man's heart will be submissive to these truths, if enslaved by self-love, and how shall he be faithful to God, if he is captivated with the love of himself? I therefore conclude that this inordinate affection is the death of families, the ruin of States, and the destruction of Religion; and that to live in the world, we must declare war against this common enemy of Society, and do violence to our desires to conquer so pernicious a passion.

From

From this source of misfortunes flow three streams that overwhelm the world, and cause a deluge, from the ravages of which it is difficult to escape with safety; for this disorderly love gives birth to three other loves, that poison all souls, and banish all virtues from off the face of the earth. The first is the Love of Beauty, called Incontinence; the second is the Love of Riches, called Avarice; the third is the Love of Glory, called Ambition. These three capital enemies of man's salvation and tranquillity, corrupt all that is in him, and render him criminal in his mind, in his body, and in his goods. It is hard to say which of these monsters is most difficult to be conquered, because besides their native forces, they have likewise foreign ones, which they draw from our inclinations or our habits, and which make them so formidable, that without a miracle they cannot be well subdued. To consider them notwithstanding in themselves, Ambition is the highest and strongest; voluptuousness the softest and sweetest; Avarice the meanest and most obstinate.

They are opposed different ways, and all morality is employed in furnishing us with reasons for defence against them.

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The vanity of honours has cured some ambitious persons ; for having found that they laboured for a good, which did not happen till after death, and that for engaging in so many perilous actions, they could only hope for the adorning of their grave, or some Eulogium in History, they ceased making their court to an idol, that ill rewards its slaves, and for a puff of wind which it promises, obliges them often to shed their own blood or that of their neighbour. The infamy of voluptuousness, the disasters that accompany it, the disgust and remorse that follow it, and the shame that never leaves it, have often cured men, in whom sin had still left a few rational reflections ; age too is a corrective of it ; but if there be any immodest old men, it is a disorder in nature, and the phenomenon of seeing amorous pursuits under grey hairs may as much astonish us, as to see those mountains, whose top is covered with snow, and whose bowels abound with flames. The misery of riches, the pains taken in accumulating them, the cares they create in retaining them, the evils they bring upon their possessors, the facility they afford for contenting unjust desires, the regret that is
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felt in leaving them ; all these particulars are prevailing considerations to inspire the contempt of them in those who are not yet become their slaves : But when once they exercise their tyranny over minds, I think the malady incurable. Age that mitigates the violence of other passions, exasperates this. The covetous never love riches more than when they are ready to lose them ; and as love is more sensible when it apprehends the absence of what it loves, avarice is more violent, when it apprehends the loss of its stores. But in the whole, it will be sufficient to say, that the surest preservative from these disorders, is to guard against self-love : For as natural love constitutes all the passions, so disorderly love occasions all vices, and whoever takes care to weaken this passion, by the exercise of penitence or charity, finds himself rescued from Ambition, Avarice, and Impudicity. But to arrive at this supreme degree of felicity, we must remember, that in whatever station Providence chuses to place us, we are not for ourselves, but for the public ; and that we ought never to love our ourselves to the prejudice of our Sovereigns. In nature, we are a portion of the universe ; in civil life,

life, we are a part of the state ; in Religion, we are Members of Jesus Christ. In all these conditions, self-love ought to be sacrificed to the universal Love ; in nature we must die to make room for those that follow us ; in the state we must contribute our fortune, and blood for the defence of the Prince ; and in Religion we must make Adam die to give life to Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF LOVE.

MORALITY does not consider so much the goodness of things as the laudable uses they are put to ; it neglects natural perfections, and makes account only of their rational destination ; Metals are indifferent to it, and it pays no other regard to them than as an Earth, which the Sun or some other cause, has made a change in of colour ; but it blames the abuse of them, and approves the good purposes they are made to serve ; it suffers pain at seeing the wicked abuse them for oppressing the innocent, for corrupting Judges, for violating

lating laws, and for seducing women; it sees with pleasure, the good use them, for feeding the poor, for cloathing the naked, for redeeming captives, and for relieving the necessitous. Nothing is more prized than that sprightliness, which nature has bestowed on fine wits; it is the key that opens to them the treasures of Sciences, whether they have a mind to make researches in them, or to make communications of their knowledge; it is the engaging charm of company, and it is a quality that makes itself beloved so soon as it appears: Yet Morality holds it in no esteem but so far as it is properly conducted, and St. * Augustine, who acknowledges it to be a grace, confesses that for not having put it to a good use, it had been pernicious to him and had kept him in error. Love undoubtedly is the most holy of our Passions, and the greatest advantage we have received from nature, as by it we can unite ourselves with good things, and perfect our Soul by loving them: 'Tis the spirit of life; 'tis the bond of the universe; 'tis an innocent artifice, whereby we change condition without changing

* Aug. Lib. 4. Confess. c. ultimo.

changing nature, and transform ourselves into the person we love: 'Tis the purest and truest of all pleasures; 'tis a shadow of the felicity the Blessed are replenished with: The Earth would be but a Hell, if Love was banished from it; and it would be an extreme rigour, if God having permitted us to see beautiful things, should forbid us to love them: But to conduct properly this passion, we must learn from Morality, what laws should be prescribed to it, and what liberty we are able to allow it.

There are three objects of our love, God, Man, and Creatures destitute of Reason. Some Philosophers have doubted whether we could love the first: His grandeur had persuaded them, that he rather required our adoration than our love: But though this sentiment may coincide with religion, and may deserve, so much the more our esteem as having entered the mind of the Prophane; yet we cannot deny but that love has been given us for uniting ourselves with God; for besides perceiving that this inclination is impressed by the hands of nature on the very essence of our will, and that without the instruction of Parents and Masters, we
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seek after the Sovereign good, Reason teaches us, that he is the abyfs of all perfections, and the center of all love; so that we cannot dread of being guilty of excess by loving him with all our might. He is so good that he cannot be loved to the degree he is amiable, and what effort soever man may make, he is obliged to confess that the goodness of God surpasses always the greatness of his love. Wherefore sublime minds, that come nearest to him, complain of their coldness, and wish that all the parts of their body were converted into tongues for praising him, or into hearts for loving him. They lament that his greatness being so well known, his goodness is so little loved, and that having so many subjects he has so few lovers. We must not therefore prescribe bounds to this passion, when it regards God, but all should be consumed in desires, and wish their hearts dilated, to love infinitely, him who is infinitely amiable. But we must be careful not to rob him of what so lawfully belongs to him, and we ought to remember, that though his goodness might not require from us that duty, we are obliged for our own interest to pay him it: For our love is not satisfied but

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when it rests in God; it dreads infidelity in creatures; it has never so much confidence, as not to harbour always some reasonable doubts, and though it might have such sufficient proofs of their good will, as should banish suspicion, it still would be apprehensive of death's robbing it of what its good fortune threw in its way, and in one or other of these just apprehensions, it could not avoid being miserable: But it well knows that God is immutable, and that he never deserts us till we have deserted him; it likewise knows that he is eternal, and that death being not less distant from his nature than changeableness, his affection cannot have an end but from our infidelity.

'Tis true, that some carnal Souls, complaining he is invisible, cannot resolve to give their heart to a Divinity, that does not gratify their eyes. Still all things are full of him; his greatness is diffused throughout all parts of the universe; every creature is an image to his perfections; it seems that he did not draw those portraits, but to make himself known and beloved; and though he should not have had recourse to that artifice, we need only consult our reason to know
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what he is. Error cannot corrupt it: In the Souls of Pagans, he delivered true oracles. These same men who offered incense to Idols, were very sensible that there was but one God. When nature spoke by their mouth, she made them speak the same language with Christians, and they confessed truths, for which they persecuted the Martyrs: For as Tertullian* observes, their Soul was naturally Christian; when a danger surprized them, they implored the help of the true God, and not that of their Jupiter; when they took an oath, or made an asseveration, they raised their eyes towards Heaven, and not towards the Capitol; whence there is no reason to complain that God is invisible, but we are rather to wish, that he should be as much loved as he is known; and indeed, this complaint is no longer admissible, since the mystery of the incarnation, wherein God became man to treat with men, wherein he has given sensible proofs of his presence, and wherein clothing himself with our nature, he has permitted our eyes to see his beauties, our hands to touch his body, and our ears to hear his voice: Since that happy moment he has made

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* Tertull. in Apologet.

himself our ally; and he who was our Sovereign, is become our brother, that this two-fold quality might oblige us to love him with more ardour, and permit us to address him with more liberty. We cannot therefore fail in the use of the love we owe him, but by being too reserved or too faithless: But the love we render unto men, may be two ways defective, as we may abuse it by giving them too much, or by not giving them enough, which will more amply appear from the Sequel.

Friendship is undoubtedly one of the principal effects of love, and the most innocent pleasure men can taste in Society. Barbarians revere its name; those that despise the laws of civil life, esteem that of friendship, and they cannot live in their forests, without some confidants, who know their thoughts, who rejoice in their good fortune, and are sorry for their afflictions. Thieves and robbers the declared enemies of public liberty, who make war in time of peace, and who seem as if they designed to stifle that love which nature has established among all men, have notwithstanding some respect for friendship; they keep up between them something of a shadow of Society; they

they keep faith with each other, though it be prejudicial to the State; they keep this faith sometimes amidst tortures, and would rather lose life than betray their companions. People, in fine, do not subsist but by the efficacy of this virtue; and whoever should banish it the earth, must raise towns, and send back men into the deserts. It is more powerful than the laws, and he that should establish it firmly in kingdoms, could neither require torments nor punishments of any kind to keep men to their duty. But it ought to be circumscribed by certain limits in order to be just. To be true, it ought to be founded on piety; those who desire to love one another, should make their friendship a study of virtue, and by their mutual communication should endeavour to make themselves better; their minds ought to be rather intermingled than united; this mingling should give birth to a perfect community of all things; substance should no more admit of partitions, and the words, *meum* and *teum*, that cause all the divisions in the world, should be intirely banished from it. When these conditions meet in friendship, it cannot be blamed; even the excess may be deemed laudable, because

being more divine than human, and more founded on Grace than Nature, it ought to be dispensed from all those laws, that have been made only for vulgar friendships. But in both, the pains that await them, must be endured, and we must remember, that as there is nothing so perfect in this world, but has its faults, so there is nothing so agreeable, but is accompanied with its disgusts.

Friendship is the sweetness of life, and he that is not possessed of that virtue cannot hope for happiness; it is the most rational contentment that can be tasted in the world, and of all pleasures, not one can be found more innocent nor more real: But it carries about with it its troubles, and he that begins to love ought to prepare for suffering; absences are short deaths, and death is an eternal absence, which leaves in us as much regret, as presence gives satisfaction. A man, who loses his friend, loses the half of himself; he is dead and living both together, and death does not accord with life but to make him more wretched: But though their destiny might be happy-enough to carry them off on the same day, they cannot avoid the miseries that accompany life; it seems that being
united

united by affection, they have given Fortune a greater power over them, and that their Soul did not pass into two bodies but to be more susceptible of pain. Aristotle would not therefore have a man procure many friends, for fear of being obliged to spend his whole life in bewailing their disgrace; or that requiring of them the same duties, he might not trouble their joy, and make his friendship a cause of mourning to them. 'Tis true that these uneasinesses are agreeable, and that by a just dispensation of love, they are always blended with some contentment; tears are sweet when shed through friendship; if they ease one, they comfort the other, and make both find a real pleasure in a common misery: Thus their ailment carries its remedy with it, it is more worthy of envy than pity, because he that suffers it, and he that weeps for it, are equally assured of their mutual fidelity.

But it is much harder to regulate the friendship of men with women, and to set bounds to a passion that advises only with itself, and does not believe itself real, unless it be expressive; for which reason most Divines condemn it, and though

not criminal but because it is dangerous, they forbid its use in order to avoid the danger. In fact, this virtue is never so pure, without being in some degree clouded ; it descends easily from the mind to the body, and though it might be with danger, it is never without scandal. The age is too corrupt, to judge sincerely of these communications ; and if the public assented approbation of them, it might still be presumed, that the colouring was only specious to palliate irregular affections, as under the pretext of friendship, every one would take the liberty to make love. I am well persuaded that there have been in all times women of the strictest virtue, yet they have not been exempt from calumny. Paulinus did not seek interviews with the Empress Eudoxia but because she was learned ; he was enamoured of her mind and not of her body, and if he often approached that fine Sun, it was to receive light from it and not heat : Yet their frequent conversations excited jealousy in the young Theodosius, and an apple as fatal as that of Paris, caused the death of Paulinus and the banishment of Eudoxia. I am very certain that Souls are of no sex, and that in the body of a woman we may find

find the wit of a man ; I am also certain that virtue does not disdain the advantages of beauty, and that it is often more eloquent in the mouth of a young Lady than in that of an Orator : There have been Muses as well as Amazons, and men have no qualities which women do not possess with as much or more excellence. Augustus followed the counsels of Livia, and in the most important affairs, consulted her as often as he did Mecenas and Agrippa. The school of the great Origen was open to Females of all ages and conditions ; he judged them not less capable of the secrets of Scripture and the mysteries of Religion than men : So that from all these reasons and examples we may well conclude, that the conversation of women is not less useful than agreeable, and that if their friendship has its dangers, it has likewise its advantages.

Notwithstanding the favourable light the question just now appeared in, we may be assured that a virtuous woman ought to have no other friend than her husband, and that she has renounced friendship the moment she has engaged in marriage ; she ought to have no more masters nor humble servants, when she has once surrendered her liberty,
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and the most holy affections may justly awake suspicion, as they may serve as a mask to criminal. Points of complaisance between persons not of the same sex, are rarely innocent; the same speeches that entertain their minds, bring on an attachment of their will, and love gently slides into the heart, under the name of agreeableness and civility: the malady is formed before it is known; one has often a fever, which is scarce believed to be an emotion, and the poison has already infected the heart, when not thought to have been taken in at the mouth; In short, the peril is equal on all sides; men attack strongly, and women defend themselves feebly; the liberty of conversation makes men more insolent, and its sweets women less courageous. Friendships attended with more damage than profit ought therefore never to meet with partizans, especially when the vain satisfaction of the senses, exposes to danger the salvation of Souls. We live in a Religion that orders us to deprive ourselves of pleasures which are not purely innocent; we are instructed by a master, who commands his disciples to pluck out the eyes, and cut off the hands that have given scandal; we are taught

taught in a school, where we are forbidden to look at a woman to lust after her: and yet under the pretext of some ill custom, we would have it lawful to court their affection, and to engage in friendship with them, that begin by disorderly inclinations, that are kept up by a frivolous intercourse, and that terminate by criminal pleasures. Modesty and chastity run sufficient risques without laying new snares for them; luxury in apparel, liberty in conversation, and what is called civility, wage a sufficiently open war on continence, without the additional help of artifice and stratagem to surprize it. If men were Angels they might be allowed to contract friendship with women; if death had divested them of their bodies, they might without scandal converse together and satisfy their inclinations. But whilst they have feelings common with beasts, and whilst beauty makes deeper impressions on their senses than virtue, they must imitate that Prophet who had condemned his eyes not to behold those innocent faces, which seem as if they should inspire only the chastity of thought: They ought, in fine, never approach those malign constellations that burn more than

than they enlighten, and excite more storms than superinduce the calm of peace.

To remedy these disorders we just implore the help of charity; for it is charity that purifies love, that reforms its excesses, and mends its faults. Charity will not have love to be excessive, nor yet confined to ourselves or our families; it would have it diffused over the whole world, and issuing from our heart, to pass into that of our enemies. It has its birth in marriage, and extends to the children that are its fruits; but in this state it is still carnal; we cannot commend in men a passion, which is remarked in Tygers; we cannot esteem feelings in reasonable creatures, which we see in the wildest beasts: In its progress, it passes on to kindred and neighbours, and begins to shew itself rational; for though the man that loves his relations, loves also his own blood, and though by going out of his person, he does not go out of his family, yet his love is more extensive than that of fathers, and is communicated to persons who do not affect him so much as his children: In its vigour, it proceeds to strangers; it receives them into its house,
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it shares with them its substance, and without considering their dispositions or languages, it is enough they have the appearance of men to be objects of its liberalities: In this state, it has acquired a good growth; but to be perfect, it must descend to enemies; so that by giving us strength to conquer our own inclinations, it obliges us to do good to those who procure evil to us; when arrived to this pitch, it may hope for rewards, but if it stops in the midst of its career, it should expect nothing but chastisement. These words comprehend the whole use of this passion, and nothing further can be well added without appearing weak or unnecessary; I now therefore come to the last object of our love, which are creatures destitute of reason.

Here it is surprizing that men do not join with the Stoics, and hold their opinion as a law for all the people of the world; for they maintain that creatures destitute of reason do not deserve our love, and that our will had been given to us for no other purposes than to seek an union with God and men. Whether or no this maxim be a paradox, it is certainly extremely reasonable; for of what signification is it to place our affection on creatures,
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which not knowing it, cannot be obliged to us for it, and which having no affection themselves, cannot know it? No one seems to be more prodigal than the miser, because he engages his affection to an insensible metal, and loves it without hopes of a return of love. I find none so unreasonable as him, who fixes his love on the beauty of a flower, which with all its odours, and all its pride and lustre, retains not the least sentiments for its idolaters. I cannot endure the extravagance of some people's fancy, who lodge all their passions in a Dog or a Horse, which do them no service but what they are prompted to through instinct or necessity: I therefore believe that the profit or pleasure we derive from them, ought to be the rule of our affection to them, or to speak more correctly, we should rather love ourselves in them than love them on their own account; for they are too mean to merit our love, though some shadow of fidelity is remarked in Dogs, and some sparks of love in horses, yet both being destitute of reason are not capable of friendship. It would be prophaning our heart to attach it to insensible things; it is not just that the same soul which can love Angels, should

should love beasts; that she which can unite herself to God should seek an union with metals, and lodge in the same heart the most noble of all spirits with the most imperfect of all bodies. I shall therefore use gold without loving it; I shall be its master, and not its slave; I will keep it for use in my exigencies, but not to adore it; I will let all know that it is of no other value, but what good use shall rate it at, and that it is not less unprofitable in the bowels of the earth, than in the coffers of misers.

But not to be mistaken in so important an affair, some distinction will not be amiss, and it may be said that Creatures can admit of being considered in three different States. First, as ways that conduct us to our last end, and on this account they ought to be loved: Secondly, as nets or snares that confine us to earth and time, and in this sense they ought to be avoided: Thirdly, as instruments which the Divine Justice adopts to punish us, and in this respect they ought to be revered: For when creatures lead us to God, when they are expressive to us of his beauties, and when their perfections raise us to the knowledge of him who is their source, there is no
crime

in loving them, and it would be a kind of injustice not to acknowledge him in them whose images they are. To this God himself has induced us by his example; when he produced, he praised them, and giving them his approbation, obliged us to give them our love. It ought, however, to be moderate, and so as not to unite us to them, but so far as they are capable to unite us with the Creator. We must consider them as pictures, which we do not love but upon account of the person they represent. We should contemplate their beauties as shadows of those of God, and never suffer their perfections to be so engaging, as not to leave us sufficient liberty to break the chain that may bind us to them. If they are as instruments in the hands of the grand seducer to lead us astray; if by the permission he has received from God, he employs them to tempt us; if with the stars he designs to make idolaters; if with gold he attempts to corrupt our innocence; if with wealth, he inflates our pride or flatters our vanity; and if by beauty he would deprive us of continence, we must avoid them as nets which are stretched out in different parts of the world to surprize us, and which since the fall of
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man seems to have changed inclination, their endeavours now appeared as exerted for his destruction, which were formerly for his safety. If lastly, they serve the justice of God, if by a zeal for his honour they pursue his enemies on his territories, if the earth quakes under our feet, if the crash of thunder portends ruin over our heads, if fire conspires with water to declare war against us, we must suffer them with respect, and love them with so much the more ardour, as we can do it with less danger. In this situation they have nothing charming to flatter or deceive us; they are rather odious than amiable; they rather inspire the fear of God than love of ourselves, and by a happy effect, raise us to heaven and detach us from earth. This advice comprehends all that Religion teaches us concerning the use of creatures, and whoever occasionally reduces it to practice, will find by experience, that they are never less dangerous than when more cruel, and that they never oblige us more than when they punish us with greater severity.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF HATRED.

THEY who judge of things by their appearances only, imagine that there is nothing more contrary to man than Hatred, and that, as deriving his name from humanity, he ought not to suffer a passion which breathes nothing but blood, and has little sensation of pleasure but in murder. Hatred, however, is a part of his being, and if he stands in need of love to prompt his attachment to objects, that may be conducive to his preservation, he has an occasion for hatred to keep him at a distance from those that may destroy him. These two motions are so natural to all creatures, that they subsist only by the love of their like, and by the hatred of their contraries. The world would have been already laid in ruins, if the elements that compose it, did not maintain it by their discordant concord. If water did not resist fire by its coldness and humidity, it would have
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duced all into ashes, and having no further matter for nutriment, would have consumed itself. Our humours, which are nothing else than temperate elements, preserve us by their natural antipathies, and the bile would have dried up our whole body, if it was not constantly humected, as it were, with phlegm: So that the great and little world subsist only by the contrariety of their parts, and if the Author that produced them, appeased their jarring contentions, he should ruin all his works, which would cease to love each other, if they ceased to hate their contraries. What is seen in Nature, is observable in morality, where the Soul has its inclinations and aversions, to preserve and defend herself, to seek connections with things that please her, and keep her distance from objects of displeasure; and if God had not given her these two Passions, she would have been reduced to the necessity of all the ills that attack her, without abilities to resist them, without hopes to defeat them. Hatred is therefore as necessary as Love: We should have reason to complain of nature, if having given us an inclination for good, she had not also inspired us with an aversion from its con-

trary, and had not inserted in our Soul as great a degree of force to remove her from hurtful subjects, as to attach her to useful. These two sentiments are therefore different only by their objects; and to speak exactly we should say, that Love and Hatred are but the same passion, changing its name according to its different uses, being called Love, when it entertains Complaisance for good, and Hatred, when it conceives horreur against evil. Passing by its first effect, which we have already considered, we shall here examine the second as to its nature, properties, and effects.

Hatred in its birth, is nothing more than an aversion we conceive for every thing that is contrary to us; it is an antipathy of our appetite against a subject that is displeasing to it; it is the first impression, which apparent or real evil makes on the inferior part of our Soul; it is the wound we have received from a disagreeable object; and it is the principle of the motion our Soul makes to avoid, or defend herself against an enemy that pursues her. It has this in common with love, that it often anticipates reason, and is formed in our will, without consulting our judgment.

ment. It takes offence at certain things, that are not disagreeable in themselves, and the same object frequently produces love and hatred in two different persons: It sometimes likewise happens, that according to the different dispositions of our Soul, that which had displeased, becomes agreeable to us; and that which had wounded, cures us, and turns only the remedy of the evil it had caused. It has this different from Love, that it is much more sensible; for love often is formed in our Soul, without our yet knowing any thing of it: Our friends generally give us notice of its influence, and those about our persons inform us that we are in love: More than cursory reflections on ourselves will be therefore necessary to bring us acquainted with this passion in its birth and progress; and being extremely sweet, it so agreeably smites us, that we do not feel the smart of the wound till in time it becomes an incurable ulcer: But Hatred is felt as soon as conceived, because proceeding from an object that does not touch but by wounding us; making us also suffer in its birth; and the moment of being our inmate becoming our punishment.

It is formed with as much celerity as love. But an instant is required to pro-

duce it in our will. With a little care in fostering it, its flames spread into all the faculties of our Soul, and like the most active of the elements, it receives fuel from every thing it meets. But it is attended with the misfortune of being not so easily effaced as love. When it has struck root in the heart, it cannot be torn out; time that produced, preserves it, and Philosophy does not find reasons strong enough, to cure a man belaboured by so painful a malady: Even Religion is never more embarrassed than when it encounters so obstinate a passion, and it seems that the Son of God did not descend upon the earth, but to teach us to conquer Hatred, and to pardon our enemies: He did not, moreover, oblige us to this duty, till he had died for his own, and he thought that in order to establish so strange a doctrine, it was necessary to confirm it by his example, to authorize it by his death, and to ratify it by the signature of his own blood. He therefore declared war against a passion, which has the advantage over others, of not ending even with life. It is so dear to men, that it becomes the subject of all their conversations; it serves them in the way of diversion amidst their discontents, and

and though it consumes their bowels, it notwithstanding comforts their hearts. There has been an instance of a * Princess, who having lost her kingdom and liberty, found no other consolation but in the hatred she bore her enemy, confessing that the regret of her past felicity did not so much prey upon her mind as the desire of revenge. Fathers have been seen still meditating revenge, still projecting means to propagate their hatred, though their Soul was at the same time, ready to wing flight from the body, and to leave not a spark of life behind; They left it as an inheritance to their Children; they bound them down to an eternal grudge, and they heaped horrid maledictions on them, if ever they should be reconciled with their enemies. This passion in fine is immortal, and as it resides in the intimate recesses of the soul, it accompanies her wherever she goes, and never leaves her even in a state of separation from the body. This the † Poets, who are the most excellent Painters of our affections, have endeavoured to represent to us in the persons of Eteocles and Polynices, who

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* Senec. in Hercul. Furent.

† Stat. in Thebaid. l. 2

retained their hatred after death, and went to put an end to in the infernal Regions the battle they had began on earth; this passion still lived in their bodies divested of sensation; by a secret contagion, it even passed to the funeral pile that had been constructed for them, and it kindled war amidst the flames that were to consume them.

But we need not be surprized at its being so obstinate, if we consider its extreme boldness, and we may not find it strange that it should continue after death, since it puts men upon the resolution of losing life to revenge themselves, and makes them taste some pleasure in dying, so they see their enemies die with them: For Hatred is not true when it is prudent, and it may be judged that a man is not intirely possessed by it, when to spare his own blood, he dares not to spill that of his adversary. When once he has devoted himself to its tyranny, he never thinks of making too dear a purchase of the pleasure of revenge, and whatever punishment may stare him in the face, he finds it agreeable, so it may tend to gratify his passion. Atreus * wishes to be crushed
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* Seece. in Thyeste.

under the ruins of his palace, provided they fall on the head of his brother, and so cruel a death seems sweet to him, if he could but suffer it in the company of Thyestes. Lastly, Hatred is very powerful, because there is no torment which is endured than can satisfy it, and it exercises a wonderful tyranny over those possessed by it, as there is no crime but they are ready to commit in obedience to it.

If its properties are strange, its Effects are not less fatal; for as Love is the cause of all generous and agreeable actions, so Hatred is the source of all such as are base and tragic, and they who advise with so ill a Counsellor, are capable of all imaginable mischiefs. Murder and parricide are but common effects produced by this unnatural passion. 'Twas it that shewed us in the earliest age of the world, that man could die in the bloom of life, and that a brother was not safe in the company of a brother. 'Twas it that forged arms for depopulating the world and destroying the beautiful work of God. 'Twas it that making man forget the mildness of his natural disposition, taught him to mingle beverages with poison, to shed human blood amidst the festivity of banquets,

quets, and to put to death under the pretext of hospitality. 'Twas it that instituted that fatal art, which teaches murder with method, which directs the killing of men in an orderly manner, and which obliges us to approve of a slaughter, when performed according to the law of nations. 'Twas it, in fine, and not avarice, that tore into the bosom of the earth, and went to seek after in its bowels that cruel metal, with which it exercises its fury : And to describe in a few words all the mischiefs it is the cause of, it will be sufficient to say, that Anger is its essay, that Envy is its counsellor, that Despair is its minister, and that after having pronounced bloody sentences as Judge, it sees them consummated itself as executioner. 'Tis true, that it never proceeds to these extremities without being disorderly, but disorder is almost natural to it, and if nature and Grace do not jointly labour to moderate it, soon will it become excessive : its fierceness is often likewise increased by resistance ; as an impetuous torrent it breaks down the dikes opposed to its rage, and believes itself allowed every thing, when forbid any thing. The remedy therefore prescribed for Love is not less necessary for hatred,

hatred, and to cure a disease that becomes incurable with time, it should be attacked in its birth, lest, that getting strength, it might run to so high a pitch of fury, as to prove utterly unconquerable.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ILL USE OF HATRED.

AS most of the Effects produced by Hatred may pass for disorders, it may seem unnecessary, after describing its nature, to obviate the ill use that may be made of it, yet, not to be wanting to the laws we have prescribed for ourselves, this whole Chapter is designed for laying open its injustices, and it will be made evident to all, that of the many aversions that trouble our repose, scarce one can be found reasonable. For, all Creatures, as the works of God, and bearing on their forehead, the character of him that produced them, have qualities that make them amiable; and goodness the principal object of love, is so natural to them, that it cannot be separated from their essence. They must cease being, to cease being good, and
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so long as they subsist in nature, we are obliged to confess, that some tincture of goodness remains in them, which they cannot be deprived of, without absolutely annihilating them. 'Twas therefore that God gave them his approbation at their birth; he made their Panegyric after creating them, and to oblige us to cherish them, informed us from his own mouth, that they were extremely good; so that the belief of their goodness may be said to make an article of faith in the Christian Religion. In what way soever they may oppose our humours or inclinations, we ought to believe that they have nothing bad, and that the very qualities that hurt us, are not without their purposes and uses. Poison are of service in medicine, and some patients cannot be cured, but by a preparation of poison. Monsters that seem to be the defects of nature, are ordained by that Providence which cannot fail; besides contributing by their ugliness, to enhance the beauty of other Creatures; they are presages to warn us of our misfortunes, and invite us to lament our Sins: Even Demons have lost nothing of their natural advantages; the malice of their will was not able to destroy the goodness
of

of their essence, and though consummate in evil, they notwithstanding possess all the good that belongs purely to their nature; they still retain that beauty which they idolized; they enjoy all the lights they received at the moment of their creation; they have yet that vigour, which makes a part of their being, and if the power of God did not restrain them, they would gather the clouds into thunder, raise storms, spread contagions, and confound all the elements. 'Tis true, that these advantages are their punishment, and that their lights and beauties are as instruments in the hands of the Divine Justice, to make them more wretched; but this consideration does not hinder their nature being good, nor God from perceiving in their being, qualities which he loves and preserves, as he perceives in their will, qualities which he detests and punishes. Therefore hatred appears useless; it seems that for exercising it one must go out of the world, and seek other creatures as objects of indignation; for there is nothing in the heavens or earth but is amiable; and if any thing occurs offensive to our inclination, we must blame our own bad humour for it, we must accuse sin for it, which

which having disordered our will, has given it unreasonable antipathies, and forced it to hate the works of God. I well know that there are natural averfions between infenfible creatures, and that it is no inconfiderable miracle, that the peace of the world is maintained by the difcord of the elements. If thefe bodies, that compofe all others, were engaged in no jarring ftrife with one another, nature could not fubfift, and God was pleafed that their broils fhould be the repofe of the univerfe. But befides that their contentions are innocent, as they do not attack to deftroy but to preferve each other, their combats arife from their faults, and they harbour a mifunderftanding only, becaufe they are imperfect: For the other bodies that are more noble, and which natural Philofophy calls Perfect Mixts, do not wage war upon one another. Though they may have different inclinations, they notwithstanding love one another, and often do violence to themfelves not to trouble the world's tranquillity. Whence this juft inference may be drawn, that if man has averfions from his neighbour, he muft accufe his own wretchednefs for it, and confeff that Hatred is an evident proof of his faults,

faults, for if he could comprehend the particular differences of others, he would love in them what he found in himself, and could not hate in their person, what he observed in his own: But he cannot endure their advantages, as not possessing them himself; the boundaries which nature has prescribed for him, circumscribe him within himself, and separate him from all others: If he was an universal Good, he would love all particular goods, and if he had all the perfections that exist in all men, he would find none to give him offence; but because he is poor, he is unjust, and his aversion proceeds from his poverty. God does not suffer those unhappy divisions; his infinite Love cannot admit of bounds; being the Sovereign Good, he loves every thing that bears its marks; comprehending in himself all perfections disseminated throughout his works, he cherishes them all together, and he has no aversions, because he has no fault. Hatred therefore is a weakness of our nature, a proof of our indigence, and a Passion that cannot be reasonably indulged against the works of God.

Self-love is the second cause of its disorder, for if we were more regular in our affections

affections we should be more moderate in our aversions, and without consulting our interest, should hate nothing but what is really odious: But we are so unjust, that we judge only of things by their relation to us: We condemn them when they displease us, we approve of them when agreeable to us, and by a strange infatuation, do not esteem them as good or bad, but by the satisfaction, or disgust they give us: We would have them alter their quality according to our caprices, and Cameleon-like assume our colours, and accommodate themselves to our desires: We fain would be the centre of the world, and have all creatures join with us in inclination: The handsomest seem ugly, because disagreeable to us; the brightness of the Sun offends us, because the weakness of our eyes cannot bear it; the splendour of virtue dazzles us, because it condemns our faults; and truth the second object of love, becomes the object of our indignation, because it censures our offences: Nothing shines with more conspicuous lustre than the light of truth, it discovers all the beauties of nature, which in vain would have produced so many excellent works, if truth did not teach us the knowledge of them:

them: Truth has more lovers than Helen of Greece; all Philosophers make love to it; it is the subject of all their contestations; it awakes jealousy in their hearts; they dispute with as much warmth its possession, as two rivals, the enjoyment of a mistress; each seeks it by different ways, Theologists, in its source which is the Divinity; Naturalists, on the surface and in the bowels of the Earth; Alchemists, in the matrix of metals; and Painters and Poets, under colours and fables: Yet, this Beauty which inspires all the world with love, is not without its enemies; it irritates those its intention is to oblige; it looses its friends whilst thinking to retain them; if it creates itself love by teaching them, it makes itself hated by reproving them; and it becomes odious when it ought to be more amiable. It is therefore extremely dangerous to employ a passion which oftener attacks virtue than vice, and which contrary to the design of him who has given it, exercises vengeance on what is good, because having some shadow of evil, it runs counter to our interests or pleasures. To remedy this disorder, I would counsel a due consideration of the things we hate, and an examination

of them on their more agreeable side. Being good in the main, we shall always find in them some quality, which will oblige us to love them, and we shall observe even in our enemies advantages, which will engage our esteem. The injuries they have done us, on which we ground the justice of our resentments, will furnish us with reasons for excusing them, and if we examine into them by cool deliberation, we shall own that there is scarce one that does not carry its excuse with it. For to make use of Seneca's * words, and confound Christians by Pagans, it seems there is no outrage but may admit of mitigation, when its motive or quality is attended to. Has a woman offended you? You must pardon the weakness of her sex, and remember that it is as common to her to be guilty of faults as to be changeable. Has a Child done you an injury? You must excuse his age, which does not yet permit him to discern between a good and a bad action. Has your enemy assaulted you? Perhaps you excited him to it, and in that case, reason counsels you to suffer in your turn for the mischief

* Senec. Lib. 2. de Ira. Cap. 30.

mischief you have done him. Does a man in supreme authority deal hardly with you? If he punishes you, you ought to honour his justice; if he oppresses you, you must yield to superior power. Has a good man persecuted you? Think he has been imposed on by others; or if it be his own act, his crime will make him forfeit his imputed quality of goodness. Has a wicked man hurt you? Be not astonished at it; effects hold to their causes; some person will be revenged of him for you, and without wishing so, you have already got your revenge, for he is already punished, because he is guilty.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE GOOD USE OF HATRED.

AS nature does nothing in vain, and as among the many things she has produced, there is not one but has its uses, Hatred must likewise find its use; and that passion which receives birth in us with love, must meet with some objects, on which it may innocently exert its wrath: But as nature loves her works, as that common mother has an affection for

all her children, and as she trains them up in such perfect amity, that those who violate it pass for monsters, it is meet and just that Hatred should respect them, and should pass out of the world to find some subject that provokes its indignation. It ought to fight against the disorders of our soul, and attack enemies, whose design is to destroy virtue; it ought likewise to be on its guard, that appearance does not deceive it, and that thinking to do an act of justice, it may not commit a parricide. Good often lies concealed under the bark of evil, and things occur that seem bad because contrary to us. Their contrariety, however, is a perfection; that which disgusts our fancy, may be pleasing to that of another; that which is disagreeable in our eyes, contributes to the beauty of the Universe. This difference of sentiment evinces that the evil we hate is more imaginary than real, and that we ought rather accuse opinion for it than nature. Sin therefore is the sole and only object of Hatred; and if we have a mind to make a proper use of it, we should model it on that of God, and declare war against that monster, which he expelled heaven, persecutes on earth, and punishes in hell:
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For this Passion is a chastisement for the greatest crimes ; it is the torture of murderers that seem to bid defiance to the justice of men ; it besieges tyrants in their palaces, attacks them in the midst of their guards, and in spite of the fortune that protects them, brings them to an account for all the violence they have committed : And indeed, those go not unpunished who are universally hated, and that sin is already subjected to the rod of correction, which draws down the public hatred on the head of its author.

But not being constituted judges of men, and the justice of God not requiring an account from us of the sins of others, it seems, none but our own ought to be the lawful objects of our hatred. Those of our neighbour may admit of some excuses ; not knowing their intentions, we should suspend our judgments, and restrain our averfions ; when so public, that they cannot be dissembled, they should excite more compassion than hatred in us, and rather draw tears from our eyes than reproaches from our mouth : Since God excuses them, we ought not to condemn them, and since he hides them, we ought not to make them public. I might not, however, blame a man,

who preferring the glory of God to the welfare of Creatures, should wish for the punishment of Criminals, or who not able to endure them, should banish himself from their company, and make appear his just indignation by the distance he kept : For the hatred of sin is an act of justice, and the zeal that incenses us against sinners is an effect of charity. David desisted from the praises of God, to make * imprecations against the wicked, and his intention was to give him an assurance of his love, by assuring him of the hatred he bore his enemies ; but this aversion to be agreeable to God, ought to be perfect as that of David ; and to be perfect, it ought to have two conditions as his had. It should hate sin, and love nature ; it should detest the work of the creature, and cherish the creature of God ; it should in wisdom and justice, not love sin upon account of men, yet not hate men upon account of sin. With these conditions, a good use may be made of hatred ; this criminal passion becomes innocent, it sides with two excellent virtues, and under the guidance of Grace, is at once conducive to enforce Justice and Charity.

But

* Psal. 139.

But its exercise is directed with greater certainty against ourselves, and we run a much less risque, in hating our own imperfections, than those of our neighbour: For self-love will be an obstacle to excess, and whatever holy furor charity may inspire us with, it is moderated by the inclination we have to love ourselves. It was therefore that the Son of God would have the hatred of ourselves to be the foundation of his doctrine; he receives no disciples into his school, that are not taught that maxim by him; it seems as if his design was to banish self-love from the earth, and to convert that irregular affection, into a holy aversion: He teaches us that we are criminals, and that entering upon the zeal of divine justice, we ought to hate what it detests, and punish what it chastises; he would have us all ice in matters of our own interest, and all flame to promote the interest of our friends: In short, Hatred and Love, aversion and inclination are the two virtues that are learned in his school, but he would have us so order them, that by bestowing our whole love on our neighbour, we should reserve nothing but hatred for ourselves: 'Tis true, that this command is more ri-

gorous in appearance than reality, for whatever severity it may testify, it breathes nothing but sweetness; under the name of hatred it hides that of love, and obliging us to hate ourselves, orders us to love ourselves with a well placed affection.

But all are not agreed on the manner of observing it. We are sorry to see that Christians do not explain this maxim more holily than the Prophane, confounding the doctrine of Seneca with that of Jesus Christ. Most interpreters imagine, that the Son of God presupposing we are composed of two parts at strife with each other, would have us side with the more noble against the baser, would have us prefer the inclinations of the mind to those of the body, and that living as Angels and not as Beasts, we should entertain reasonable sentiments. Undoubtedly, if he had nothing else in view, we should be obliged to own that his morality is not more sublime than that of Seneca, and that by banishing only the love of the body, which is more gross and less culpable, he would have left the love of the mind, which is more delicate yet more dangerous. That Philosopher pleads al-
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ways for the * mind against the body; the tendency of all his fine maxims is to reinstate Reason in its empire and give it an absolute power over the passions; he cannot endure that a subject should become sovereign, and the pride that animates his whole doctrine, furnishes him with strong reasons to overthrow the cause of voluptuousness. He would have the soul treat her body as her slave, granting it barely necessities, and retrenching superfluities; he would have her support it in order to serve her, and not love it but as a faithful minister, whom she employs for executing her designs; But he would have her likewise, when Reason should require it, to abandon that body to the flames, to expose it to wild beasts, and to oblige it to suffer deaths equally cruel and shameful. All these thoughts are bold, and must be allowed to proceed from a generous man, who avails himself to good advantage of the vanity of the mind, to conquer the pleasures of the body. But in curing a slight disease, he causes a more dangerous; closing a slight wound, he opens a deep one; expelling self-love the body, he drives it into the mind; and to hinder man's becoming a beast, endeavours

* Senec. Epist. 14. and 65.

vours to make a Demon of him. This Philosopher's partizans are forced to acknowledge this truth; and if they who are enamoured of his maxims, should seriously examine into the state of their minds, they would soon confess, that they inflate courage more than raise it, and inspire the soul with more vanity than fortitude. But the doctrine of Jesus Christ is productive of a quite contrary effect: It subjects the body without making the mind insolent; it attacks equally pride and voluptuousness, and whilst it ordains mortification to make the senses obedient to Reason, it recommends abnegation, to keep the will submissive to God. If I am therefore allowed to explain the intentions of Jesus Christ, and be his interpreter, I believe the hatred he requires of us, ought to pass from the body to the mind, and that in order to be perfect, it ought to extend to all the disorders sin has placed in us: For nature has lost her purity, and our two constituent parts are become equally criminal; the inclinations of the soul are not more innocent than those of the body, both have their infirmities, and tho' Philosophers may say otherwise, both are corrupt. The mind is obscured by darkness; ignorance

ignorance is natural to it; it learns with pains; it easily forgets; though truth is its object, it deserts it for lies; and it is forced to confess, that there are errors which have more persuasive charms for it than truths: The memory is not more happy, though it may pass for a miracle in nature, though it may retain all the objects of reminiscence deposited with it, though it may boast of representing them without confusion, and of being the living treasure of all learned men: Still is it treacherous since our disobedience by a contagion that has infected all the faculties of the soul; it fails us in our wants, and furnishes us rather with useless than necessary things. The will, as the most absolute, is also the most criminal; for though its inclinations for the Sovereign Good are so strong, that sin has not been able to deface them, yet it indiscriminately seeks an attachment with all pleasing objects; without listening to the counsels of reason, it follows the errors of opinion, and guides itself by the relation of the senses, which are ignorant and deceitful messengers; so that man is necessitated to wage war against his soul as well as his body, and to extend hatred to his

two component parts, as being equally corrupt. To be the true and obedient disciple of Jesus Christ, he must manfully fight against darkness in his understanding, weakness in his memory, malice in his will, error in his imagination, perfidy in his senses, and rebellion in all the parts of his body. These pernicious qualities that spoil and degrade the work of God, are the true objects of our aversion; it is the evil we can hate with innocence, and punish with justice; it is the enemy we are obliged to oppose and conquer.

To comprehend in a few words the intentions of Jesus Christ, and the obligations of Christians, we ought to hate in ourselves all the disorders sin has caused and Grace cannot allow us; we ought to destroy in us all that Christian morality would have destroyed; but conscious to ourselves that victory is doubtful in this conflict, we should supplicate the Son of God, who prepares Crowns for the victorious, to give us Charity, that it may diminish self-love in our hearts, and increase in them the hatred of ourselves.

B O O K II.

OF DESIRE AND FLIGHT, OR AVERSION.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF DESIRE.

GOOD being the sole object of Love; it does not assume new forms, without obliging that passion to adopt new uses. Love therefore depends so absolutely upon Good, that it changes names and offices as often as it changes condition. When Good is present and unveils all its beauties to it, it swims in pleasure; when encompassed by danger, it is chilled with fear; when attacked by enemies, it catches up arms and is ardent in its defence; when remote, it is replete with affliction and pines in melancholy; when absent, it is consumed in wishes, and commissions its desires to wing their flight after an object, whose distance creates so much uneasiness. For desire is nothing more than the motion of the soul towards a good she
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has already loved and is not yet possessed of. She dilates, expands, diffuses herself for being united with it; she endeavours to quit her body, and abstract herself from herself, to join that which she seeks; she forgets her pleasures to think of nothing but what she loves; she struggles hard to conquer Nature and Fortune, and make present against their will the absent Good she desires.

From this definition, it is easy to become acquainted with the properties of Desire, the first of which is Inquietude, which does not suffer the Soul that has conceived it to taste any real satisfaction; because she is in a state of violence, and fights against the body she animates, to go and find an union with the object of her love: Nature restrains her in one respect, Love wafts her away in the other; She is divided between these two supreme powers, and feels agonizing pains, scarce less rigorous than death. There have been instances of some, who, in order to deliver themselves from the tortures of inquietude, did voluntarily submit to dreadful punishments, believing that all remedies were sweet and gentle, that could cure so painful a melody. Banishment is
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undoubtedly one of the most cruel afflictions invented by justice to chastise the guilty; it severs us from all that we love, and it seems to be a long death, leaving us but a small portion of life, to make us more wretched: Yet there has been a * mother; who chose rather to suffer the rigour of that destiny than the violence of Desire, and who was very willing to accompany her son in his exile, that she might not be condemned to regret his absence and long for his return. Nature therefore having seen that desire was a punishment, gave birth to hopes for softening its rigours; for whilst we abide here on earth, we form no wishes, but our mind promises itself the completion of them. It is in Hell only, where these two motions of our soul are divided, and where the Divine Justice condemns its enemies, to form desires without hopes, and to languish after a happiness which they can never possess. They sigh for the Sovereign Good, and whatever hatred they may have conceived against the God that punishes them, they notwithstanding naturally love him, and wish for his enjoyment,

* Senec. Consolat. ad Helv. Cap. 18.

joyment, though not allowed to hope for it. That desire makes their whole punishment, and that longing is a torment, which is more unsupportable to them than the heat of flames, the company of Devils, and the eternity of their prison. If they could be without desires, they would be without pain, and all other sufferings that dismay vulgar souls, would seem supportable to them, if they were not condemned to wish for a happiness which they cannot hope for.

But it is not in Hell only this passion is cruel, it afflicts also all men upon earth, and as it serves divine Justice with a means to chastise criminals, it serves Mercy with a holy artifice to exercise the Innocent; for the goodness of God makes them to be consumed in desire; they are absorbed in an inquietude that cannot end but with their life; they make efforts to abstract themselves from their bodies, they invite death to their assistance, and say with the Apostle, * I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ. Justice employs also desires to be revenged of finners, and by a conduct

* Phil. i. 6.

duct not less severe than reasonable, abandons them to that passion for their torment; they desire but to afflict themselves, and their Souls form disorderly wishes, which proving ineffectual, leave them in a languishing state, that lasts as long as life.

Theology finding this passion to be the cause of all our misfortunes, thought it could not better describe felicity, than by informing us that it was the end of all desires. Philosophy might have told us that it is the end of all our calamities, and the beginning of our welfare, in making us forget our miseries by the sweets of its pleasures; but Theology, well knowing that desires are the most violent punishments we suffer here below, is contented to say, that felicity is its resting hold, and that when we begin to be happy, we shall cease to wish. We must therefore acknowledge that desire is connected with all the other passions of our Soul, and that it supplies them either with arms for fighting against us, or forces for annoying us; for such as make the greatest ravages in our hearts, would be dead or languid, if they were not animated by desire. Love is not cruel but because it wishes for the presence of what it loves; hatred does not gnaw our bowels,

but because it desires vengeance ; ambition is not restless, but because it wishes for honours ; avarice does not set its votaries on the rack, but because it hankers after riches ; and all passions are not insupportable, but because they are accompanied with desire, which, as a contagious evil, spreads into all the affections of our Soul, to make us wretched.

If so cruel, it is scarce less shameful, and we are obliged to confess that it is a proof of our weakness and indigence ; for we have not recourse to wishes but when power fails us ; we do not make our desires appear, but when we cannot effect them : They are marks of our impotence as well as of our love ; they inform the Kings of the earth that their will is greater than their power, and that they desire many things they cannot execute : 'Tis true, that desires sometimes animate them to those grand enterprizes, wherein difficulty is always mingled with glory ; 'Tis true also, that desires stimulate their courage, and are incentives to that noble ardour, without which nothing generous is undertaken, and executed : But they likewise teach them that there is not one but God, who being able to do all he wills, cannot

cannot form an useless wish, and that it belongs only to him to change when he thinks proper all his desires into effects: He rather wills things, than wishes for them, and concludes rather events, than desires them: But in Princes impotence often hinders the execution of their desires; they are constrained to make vows and and implore the assistance of heaven when that of earth fails them. Poor Alexander seeing his dear Ephestion die, could testify his love to him no otherwise than by his desires. He, who distributed the crowns of Kings he had subdued, and made slaves of Monarchs, was not able to restore health to his favourite; the wishes, the prayers, he solicited heaven with for his cure, were equally proofs of his weakness and his grief, and he made known to the whole earth in his person that the wishes of Princes are sufficient testimonies of their want of power.

Desires too in all men are public marks of a concealed poverty; for every Soul that desires, is necessitous. She goes out of herself to seek in another what she wants; she discovers her wretchedness by letting her wishes appear, and she acquaints every one that the felicity she enjoys is only so in

appearance, being far from the completion of all her desires. The nature of this passion was therefore very properly expressed by the great Tertullian, where he says, * that “it is the glory of the thing desired, and the shame of him who desires it;” for a thing must be amiable to light up our desires, and must have attractive charms and perfections to win us over; but certainly, the will also that wishes for it, must be indigent, and must suffer wants, obliging it to seek after their remedy. Desire is therefore the honour of Beauty, and the shame of the Unchaste; Desire is the glory of Riches and the infamy of Misers; Desire is the praise of Dignities and the blame of the Ambitious, and as often as Princes conceive that passion in their Souls, they inform us that their fortune is more splendid than real; and that it does not afford all the satisfactions it promises, because they are obliged to descend from their thrones, to go out of their palaces, and by shameful pursuits to seek out a foreign good, which they do not find in their person.

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* Tertul. de poenit.

The highest praise, which Holy Writ gives to God, is that whereby it teaches us, that he is * sufficient to himself, and that possessing all things in the immensity of his essence, he is not obliged to frame wishes, nor to break off his tranquil composure, to seek contentment in his creatures. The world contributes in not one respect to his grandeur; When nothing occupied the place of the Universe, when there were neither Angels nor Men to know and love him, his felicity was not less intire, and all the praises we now give him, add nothing to his glory: When we immolate victims to him, when we make the earth resound with his praises, when we burn incense on his altars, and when we enrich his temples with the spoils of our houses, we are obliged to protest that all our presents are useless to him, that he does us a favour in accepting them, and that we offer nothing to his grandeur, but what we have received from his liberality. Desire is therefore a mark of indigence; and every wishing creature declares its poverty,

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* God every where in the Scripture is called Sadai, which signifies self-sufficient,

But not to dishonour intirely this passion, we must confess that it is likewise a proof of our dignity ; for it extends to all things, and pretends some right to every thing that can find admittance into our imagination ; it investigates effects in the bosom of their causes ; it persuades itself that it may aspire to every thing that can be conceived, and that it may place amongst its riches all the goods it is not yet possessed of : Every possibility flatters it ; immensity seems to come so near within its grasp, that it embraces all the promises of fortune, and nothing has happened to the most fortunate of men, but it believes it may expect with some sort of justice. 'Twas therefore that a * Doctor of the Christian Church said, that the Apostles, though quitting nothing, had quitted a great deal, because they had renounced their desires, and that by divesting themselves of a passion, which in their extreme poverty gave them a right to all sorts of wealth, they could boast of having left all for Christ. And indeed, the heart of man is infinitely capacious, and cannot be filled up but by the Sovereign Good ; it is
always

* Gregor. Magn. Hom. 5. in Evang.

always empty till it possesses him who formed it ; all other good things keep it an-hungered, and far from gratifying it, irritate its desires and do not appease them : Hence it happens that we cannot set bounds to them ; that the end of one is the birth of another, and that we run from objects to objects to find that of which others are but the shadows.

Hence sprung all the disorderly desires that corroded the heart of the greatest monarchs ; hence proceeded the ambition of Alexander, who found the earth too narrow, and was vexed that his conquests were terminated by the boundaries of the world ; hence was derived the avarice of Crassus, who fancied himself poor, though the wealthiest of the Romans, and who traversed frightful deserts to make war upon a people whose only crime was their riches. These disorders have no other source than the capaciousness of our heart and the infinity of our desires, which following the good that solicits them, and finding none to satisfy them, constantly seek after new ones, and never prescribe bounds to themselves. Though our mind is not sufficiently enlightened to know the supreme truth in all its extent, and though our will has not

powers sufficient to love the Sovereign Good in as great a degree as it is amiable, yet both are infinitely capacious, and all the things of the earth cannot reach their point of fullness. A natural truth, though in the main sublime, serves as but a step to our mind for ascending to a higher; and a created goodness, how rare soever it may be, does but extend our heart and dilate our will to make it capable of a more excellent. In this manner do our desires change objects perpetually; they despise those they had esteemed, and making always a farther progress, find at the end that nothing can stop their carrier but Him who can satisfy them.

From these three properties we have explained, it is easy to observe the effects desires produce in and out of us. By separating the Soul from the body, they cause all those raptures and extasies which are attributed to the excess of love. As arising from indigence, they oblige us to ask, and by a necessary consequence make us troublesome to our friends. As they suppose an abyss in our heart, we need not be astonished that every thing granted cannot satisfy them, and that after having pursued so many different objects, they are at length
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tired of running so long a race, and seek rest in the Sovereign Good, which is the end of all lawful desires.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE BAD USE OF DESIRE.

WHOEVER should take the vulgar for judge in this matter, must undoubtedly imagine, that no pleasure in the world is more solid or innocent, than to see our desires changed into effects. This is the common wish of our friends; and indeed, if they formed none but good, nothing would be more agreeable nor more useful than their completion, and we should have reason to deem ourselves happy, when after a long pursuit, they were at last accomplished; but being for the most part unjust, their success is often prejudicial to us. I join in opinion with Seneca, and hold with him, that * the better part of our friends innocently desire evil for us, and frame wishes in our favour more pernicious than the imprecations of enemies. If we desire to live in peace and happiness with

with ourselves, we must pray to God that nothing of what is wished on our account might happen to us; even our Parents contribute to our misfortunes through an excess of affection, and during our infancy draw down on our heads the anger of heaven by the injustice of their wishes; so that we need not be surprized if in more advanced years so many disgraces fall to our lot, since those that love us best have procured them for us.

The disorder of our desires has three causes: The first is self-love, which not being able to deface from our Souls the inclination we have for the Sovereign Good, turns this inclination towards perishable things, and causes it to wish for them with as much ardour as if they were eternal; for our heart sighs always after God; tho' its good desires are weakened, they are not stifled; they still have an attachment to good, and sin could not take away an inclination so natural to them; but Reason which should keep them to order, being clouded by darkness, they fall into mistakes, and seek a connection with all the objects that are agreeable to them. Man investigates a Beauty which time cannot change, which old age cannot make

make to fade, and which death cannot obliterate. So soon as his eyes see the adumbrations of it on a face, they kindle his desires, and he imagines that it is the eternal Beauty which is to satisfy him. He sighs after a good that should put an end to all his miseries, should smother all his cares, and cure him of all the ills that press hard upon him. When opinion has falsely persuaded him, that gold is a metal assisting us in all our wants, opening the door for us to dignities, facilitating the execution of our designs, and making us to triumph over all difficulties, he commands his desires to purchase a good, from which he expects all his happiness. In short, man goes in quest of a solid and real glory, which may serve as a reward to virtue, and be an accumulation of honour to him, that cannot be worn out by years, nor tarnished by the noxious breath of calumny. When Error has figured to him that battles are heroic actions, that conquests are the works of Sovereigns, he orders his desires to seek after these glorious occasions, and to engage in unjust wars; he forms the design of overthrowing cities, ruining States, and carrying horror and death into all parts of the world, to make him-

himself illustrious in history. There is an easy remedy for all these evils, for as the will has not lost all its good inclinations, nothing seems wanting but to clear up the understanding, and fortify it by solid reasons, that it may be able to oppose the false maxims of the world.

The second cause of disorder in our desires is the imagination, which makes no other use of its advantage than to irritate them; as otherwise they would be pretty regular if this embroiling power did not set them in confusion. Nature seeks only to deliver herself from the inconveniencies that may be a trouble to her; she does not require the magnificence of sumptuous edifices, and so they shelter her from the injuries of the air, all their ornaments are useless to her; she does not wish for the luxury of apparel, and in this respect, so her confusion is hidden, and her body defended from the rigour of cold, she is still innocent enough to condemn this superfluity; she does not study the excess of pleasure in eating and drinking, and provided life is supported, and the cravings of hunger and thirst appeased, she flights all their concomitant delights: But the imagination, which seems to have no other
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exercise since the corruption of our nature, but to invent new pleasures to guard us against our primitive misfortunes, adds dissolution to our desires, and introduces irregularity into our wishes : It counsels us to inclose large tracts of ground and pieces of water in our parks ; it obliges us to build palaces more superb than our temples, and larger than the towns of our ancestors ; it employs all sorts of artists for clothing us ; it sets all nature to work for gratifying our pride ; it makes worms spin to cover us in the garb of silk ; it ransacks the bowels of the earth and the abyss of the Sea for diamonds and pearls to adorn us ; it hunts after delicacies in food, will have no liking to meats but what are exquisite, despises common fare, adopts unknown articles as dainties, strives to awake the appetite when quite torpid, confounds seasons to give a stimulus to the pleasures of the table, and seeks a remedy against summer heats from the repositories of ice and snow to cool our wines ; In a word, the imagination makes our desires intelligent ; it instructs them to wish for things they were not acquainted with, and by viciating our natural propensities, makes them to commit excesses, of which they
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are not guilty but because they are obedient to it. Thus our debaucheries spring from our advantages, and we are not more disorderly than beasts, but because we are more enlightened; for Aristotle making a * distinction of our desires, calls by a strange way of speaking, the most modest, irrational, because common to us with them; and the most insolent, rational, because proper and peculiar to ourselves. 'Tis for this reason, I think, Philosophers would have us reduced to the condition of beasts, and therefore proposed nature for our example, believing she was less irregular than Reason: 'Tis likewise on the same account they divided our desires into necessary and superfluous, saying that the one were limited, and the others infinite; that the necessary found wherewithal to content themselves in exile and solitude, but that the superfluous were far from being satisfied in cities and palaces. Hunger is not ambitious, requiring only food for preventing inanition, and giving life its proper exertions; but all those viands that are dressed with so much care are in fact punishments of gluttony, which perplexes itself in

* Arist. Ethic. c. 11.

in contriving means to reſect the appetite after it is ſatiſfied, and to re-excite thirſt after it is quenched ; for it complains that the neck is not long enough for taſting meats, that the ſtomach is not large enough for receiving them, and that natural heat is not prompt enough for digeſting them ; yet wine is not ſo agreeable to it, if not drank out of precious veſſels ; and if alſo not preſented by a beautiful hand it cannot gain upon itſelf to quaff it off with its due reliſh. But natural deſires are not accompanied with all theſe diſguſts ; what is abſolutely neceſſary, is almoſt always agreeable to us ; and nature, a good mother, has intermingled pleaſure with neceſſity, for our comfort. Let us then make uſe of a benefit, which we may place in the rank of the moſt ſignal ; and let us believe that ſhe never more ſenſibly obliged us, than when ſhe took away diſguſt from all our natural deſires.

The third cauſe of their diſorder is that we do not ſufficiently conſider the quality of the things we deſire. We often corrupt the nature of deſire, and by extreme violence force it to ſeek for a thing it ought to avoid. We only look to the appearance of objects ; we cloſe in with them
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indiscreetly without reflecting on their imperfections, and thus make regrets succeed wishes, and pain pleasures; we desire real evils, only because they have some shadow of good, and when after a long pursuit we possess them, they become insupportable to us: By a change of opinion we condemn our desires, and accuse heaven of having been too easy in granting them to us; we know by experience that there are intreaties God does not hear but when he is irritated, and that we meditate wishes whose accomplishment is fatal to us; We resemble that * Prince who repented his wishing for gold, and was full of affliction for obtaining his wish; it became his punishment; he detested what he had so fondly requested, and finding himself poor in the midst of abundance, prayed to be delivered from an evil he had procured for himself. Absence makes us set a value on the greater part of our effects, and their presence raises contempt in us; they appear great to our imagination when placed at a distance from us, but when brought under close inspection, lose their false grandeur; all their advantages vanish as shadows

* Ovid. Metamorph. II. de Midâ.

dows before the Sun, and we convert our esteem into contempt, our love into hatred, and our desires into abhorrence.

Prophane Philosophy desiring to remedy so many evils, gives us a counsel that throws us into despair; for without reforming our soul, it would have us moderate our desires. As if the disorder lay only in our wishes, it forbids us the use of them, and advises us, if we are willing to be happy, to wish for nothing. It makes happiness to consist in the secluding of this passion. It thinks of having pronounced an Oracle when it has said by the mouth of Seneca, that he who has set bounds to his desires is as happy as Jupiter, and that without superadding to our riches or augmenting our pleasures, we need only abate our desires to find solid contentment. But certainly it deceives us, by flattering and promising us an imaginary happiness, depriving us at the same time of the means of acquiring one that is real. It consigns us over to the indigence Sin has left us in, and forbids us the use of desires. It leaves us with the inclination Nature has given us for the Sovereign Good, and does not permit us to seek after it. It would have us

be poor, and not affected thereby, and add to the misfortune of poverty that of insolence and pride. When we shall reign in heaven, and find perfect felicity in the fruition of the Sovereign Good, we shall banish all wishes; but whilst we groan upon earth, and suffer ills that oblige us to go out of ourselves to find remedies for them, we shall conceive just desires, and shall learn from Religion, the means of employing them for the glory of Christ, and for the Salvation of our Soul.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE GOOD USE OF DESIRE.

THOUGH nothing is more common than Desires, yet nothing is more rare than their good use, and of the many persons that form wishes, but few are found that know how to regulate them; for this Passion is as free as Love, and being its first production, cannot suffer restraint. It is so puffed up with glory, that it will receive no laws but from the Sovereign

Sovereign Good ; it holds in contempt the authority of Princes, and knowing itself to be independent of their empire, is neither dismayed by their menaces, nor moved by their promises. Kings, who are well acquainted with the extent of their own power, make no encroachments on the liberty of the heart ; they may punish actions and forbid words, but must leave thoughts and desires subordinate to him, who seeing into the bottom of hearts, can reward or punish them eternally : They enact no laws for keeping them submissive, acknowledging that it is God alone that can repress them, and that he is the only one among all Sovereigns that has a right to say to his subjects : “ Thou * shalt not covet.” Such therefore must pass for insolent who attempt to reform desires without his intervention ; so that all the advice we can give on this head necessarily presupposes his assistance : But after paying that submission to him from whom we hold all things, it seems we may use that Passion on certain conditions, which will make it to us both useful and glorious.

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* Exod. c. 20.

The view of nature in giving us desires, was in order to our acquiring the Good that was wanting and necessary to us; They are helps in our indigence, they are hands to our will, and as these parts of the body labour for all the rest, our desires, in like manner, labour for all the passions of our soul, and by their watchful and assiduous care oblige our love and our hatred. But this advantage would become pernicious to us, if having been given for relieving our poverty, we rather made it instrumental for encreasing it. Before therefore we engage in the search of a Good, we should reflect if it be great enough to enrich us, and if its fruition can annihilate the wishes, its privation had excited; for if it only irritates them, and if instead of curing our ills, it exasperates them, we must have lost judgment for the sake of retaining desire. I shall therefore desire only those real goods that can rescue me from my miseries; and that my passion may be reasonable, shall not wish for them but so far as they ought to be wished for; I will weigh their qualities and adjust my wishes to their merits; I will endeavour to acquire wealth, not to be subservient to my vanity, but to help
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me in my wants; I will make use of food to support my body, and not to irritate my appetite; I will sue for honours as helps to a growing virtue that stands in need of some foreign succours to defend it against vice; I will even indulge myself in innocent pleasures, but will avoid their excess, and remember that they partake of the nature of those fruits, that are agreeable to the taste and pernicious to the health. With this moderation our desires will be reasonable. If they attach us to the things of the earth, necessity will be an excuse to us, and we shall esteem glorious a servitude, that is common to us with the Saints.

We should also be careful to entertain but feeble desires for perishable things, and wish with moderation and reserve for what may be taken from us with violence. The Philosophy of the Stoics is too austere to be attended to; its maxims tend more to sink us in despair than correct our hearts. It absolutely forbids us to wish for any thing that may be taken from us, and it employs all its false reasons to persuade us that the good which comes to us through desires, cannot be real. Christian Philosophy, which knows that our felicity is

not inherent to ourselves, and that we must pass out of it to consolidate, if possible, an union with the Sovereign Good, condemns that maxim; and knowing also that we are liable to be deprived of other goods, it orders us to desire them without uneasiness, and to consider that their possession is not so secured to us, as not to be sometimes interrupted. It prepares us for their loss, when it permits the means for acquiring them; it teaches us that the desire of perishable things ought not to be eternal, and that we should possess without attachment, what we ought to leave without regret; it informs us, that the goods of Fortune and Nature depend on divine Providence, that it lends but does not give them to us, that it refuses them to its friends and grants them to its enemies, and dispenses them in such manner, that if they be not marks of its hatred, they are not in fact testimonies of its love. Together with these substantial reasons it gently persuades us, that they ought not to be the principal objects of our desires, and that to second the intentions of our Sovereign, we should love them with remissness, desire them with moderation, possess them with indifference, and resign them

them with pleasure. But the principal use we should make of so noble a passion, is to employ it as a means to raise us to God, to form of it a glorious chain that may inseparably link us to him. Being the only object of love, he is likewise the only object of all desires: They wander from their end when they go from him; they lose themselves when they do not seek him, and remain in the midst of their course, when they do not arrive to him: He is the source of all perfections, and being as they are without mixture and blemish, there is nothing in them but what is perfectly desirable. We see Creatures that have charms creative of desires, and yet their imperfections make them to be slighted. The Sun has so much splendor and beauty as to have made Idolaters; a part of the world still reveres him, and the Christian Religion, which has spread into all parts of the earth, has not been able to undeceive all Infidels: Yet, is he subject to debilities, advising Philosophers, that he is but a mere creature; his light suffers limitation, and he cannot at the same time enlighten both our hemispheres; he suffers eclipses and cannot avoid them; he faints away, as it were,

and finds himself offuscated by a Star that yields to him in magnitude and beauty; if he has favourable influences, he has also malign; if his warmth revives and exhilarates men, it kills them likewise, if he is the father of flowers, he is also the parricide; if his brightness gives us light, it dazzles us; if his heat warms Europe, it burns Africa; so that the most noble of all Stars has its defects, and if it furnishes us with desires, it inspires us with aversion and contempt. But God has nothing that is not amiable; all his perfections behold numberless Angels, destined to honour them, and retain immortal Lovers adoring them since the origin of the world: Men that know, desire them, and wish for death to be able to possess them.

It is therefore the Sovereign Good we are under an obligation to make researches after; 'tis for him that wishes and desires have been given us; our heart is criminal, when it divides its love and gives but a part of it to him that entirely deserves it. The abundance of God and indigence of Man, are the first bonds of the alliance we contract with him; he is all and we are nothing; he is an abyss of mercy, and we are an abyss of misery; he has infinite per-

perfections and we have innumerable faults; he possesses no grandeur that is not to be wished for, and we suffer no want that does not oblige us to form wishes; he is all desirable and we are all desires; and to express well our nature, it is sufficient to say, that we are but a mere capability of God. We have not a part in our body nor faculty in our soul, that does not oblige us to seek him; we traverse the world by our desires, we run astray in our affections; but after having considered the beauties of heaven and the riches of the earth, we are constrained to enter into ourselves, to wean ourselves from that which seems intimately connected with our being, and to confess that none but God alone can fill the capacious powers of our heart. Let us draw these advantages from our misery, and let us rejoice and be glad that nature has given us so many desires, because they are as wings that raise us to God, and chains that bind us to him.

On all other occasions desires are of no account, and after consuming us in sighs for a long time, they are far from giving what they made us hope for; they harass whilst they possess us, and when despair has

has made them pine away to death, they leave us nothing but the shame and regret, of having listened in fond credulity to such bad counsellors. 'Tis true, however, that they awake the soul, and give her some vigour to acquire the good she wishes for; but the good success of our enterprizes does not depend on their efforts; and if the things we love, cost us nothing but desires, all ambitious men would be Sovereigns, all misers rich, and we should see no lovers venting bitter complaints against the rigour, or infidelity of their mistresses; women would take their husbands out of their grave, mothers would cure their sick children, and Captives would recover their liberty; We should perform as many miracles as wishes, for if the powers of wishes were by us reducible to acts, all evils of consequence, must be banished the earth. But experience teaches us that they are for the most part impotent, and that their accomplishment depends on that supreme Providence, which can at pleasure convert them into effects. Those, however, regarding our Salvation never remain unprofitable. Here it is necessary desires should be strong and fervent. Our conversion does not depend
merely

merely on our will; an animated desire of grace effaces all our sins, and though God is so great, it has cost them that possess him little more than wishes to obtain him. This passion dilates our Soul, and renders us capable of the good it makes us to sigh after; it extends our heart and prepares us to receive the felicity it procures for us; it strikes the ears of God, makes itself heard without speaking, and is so powerful in heaven that nothing is refused to its entreaties. It glorifies Christ, and exhibits the most ancient of his names, having been known by that of the * Desired of all nations, before he was known by that of Saviour. His Prophets honoured him by that title before his birth; he who marked out to us the time of his coming, had the presage of it from his wishes, and deserved to be called by an Angel the † Man of Desires. And indeed, his desires forwarded the mystery of the Incarnation;—those of the Virgin obtained its accomplishment, and ours will find its effects: They do not cease to ask them of God.

CHAP.

* Haggai. c. 2.

† Dan. c. 9.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, EFFECTS,
AND GOOD AND ILL USE OF AVERSION,
OR FLIGHT.

NATURE would have been wanting to us in our necessity, if having given us Love for good things, she had not given us desires to procure them. Such as are now constituents of our happiness would be so many sources of infelicity to us, if permitted to love, we were prohibited to wish for them; the Sovereign Good would serve only to make us wretched, and its virtue in attracting hearts, would contribute to our misery, if we were destitute of the power to acquire it. We should have as much reason to complain of that indulgent Mother, if having impressed on the heart a hatred for evil, she had not also engraved on it that Passion called Flight to remove us from the same: Otherwise we should see our enemy, and not be able to defend ourselves; we should hate vice and be constrained to suffer it, and by an unhappy necessity should lodge
a guest,

a guest, whom we could not prevail upon ourselves to love. But herein Nature has made good provision: Her provident care, always watchful for her children, has given us a passion that flies from evil with as much impetuosity, as desire seeks after good: It keeps at a distance from every thing that may hurt us, and following the inclinations of Hatred, whose daughter or slave it is, avoids all disagreeable objects, or obstinately resists its enemies. 'Tis the first succour we have received against evil; 'tis the first effort and first sally, the concupiscible appetite makes to rescue us from it.

Though this passion is almost always innocent, and cannot become criminal but by surprize, it notwithstanding is attended with its ill use, and is constantly subject to be employed against the design of Nature. Those therefore who harbour it, are obliged to consider whether the evil they strive to avoid, is apparent or real, or whether opinion that easily gains on the mind, has not persuaded them lies for truths; for it is evident that of two things that bear the name of evil in the world, there is but one that properly speaking has merit. Guilt and Punishment are the two most com-

common objects of our Flight, and most men so confound them, that it is not known which is the more odious. Punishment being more sensible than Guilt, is more carefully avoided, and there are few that do not prefer being criminal to being wretched. We fly from the plague and seek sin; we remove from all infected places, the bad air of which may cause an alteration in our health, and we mingle with bad company, who may deprive us of our innocence: Yet Religion obliges us to believe that punishments are the effects of divine Justice, that they have beauties which though austere, are nevertheless agreeable: that God is honoured by the punishment of his enemies, and that he finds as much satisfaction in the chastisement of criminals as in the reward of the Just. The greatest Saints have acknowledged that our punishments are favours, which contribute not less to the salvation of men than to the glory of their Creator; they have confessed that we must adore the arm that deals the blow against us, that we must love our wounds on account of the hand that struck them, and that we must acquaint the world that the thunderbolts of heaven are just, since
even

even those that have been smote by them adore them. But sin is a real evil not without every thing that is odious; its cause is a disorderly will, its object is a supreme Goodness which it offends; and if on the part of him that commits it, the malice suffers limitation, it is infinite on the part of him, against whom it is committed. It violates all the laws of nature, it dishonours men and angels, and all the ills we suffer, are just punishments of its disorders. 'Tis therefore against this horrid mischief that we have received aversion; and it cannot be more justly employed, than to amove us from a monster, whose abode will be hell, and punishment, death eternal.

Next to sin nothing should be more carefully avoided than its partizans, who in order to extend its empire endeavour to render it amiable or glorious. Nature, as the pure work of God, cannot suffer sin, and to banish it from off the face of the earth, she loaded it with confusion and fear. It dares not to appear in broad day, it hides itself in darkness, and lurks in solitary places, where it has no other witnesses but its accomplices. But its partizans enthrone it, and have recourse to all
forts

sorts of artifices to bestow on it an accumulation of glory ; they cover it with the mantle of virtue, and when seeming to bear some affinity to its enemy, they strive to make it pass for the same ; they change their names, and committing two crimes by one action, deprive virtue of honour to give it to sin : They call Revenge, noble Courage ; Ambition, a generous Passion ; Impurity, an innocent Pleasure ; and by a necessary consequence, call Humility a baseness of mind ; the pardon of injuries a cowardice of heart ; and Continence a savage disposition : They spread about these false maxims, make their disorders contagious, and their errors heresies ; they seduce simple minds, and presenting poison in crystal glasses make the innocent drink it up ; even the most courageous meet with difficulties in guarding against them ; the most acute wits suffer themselves to be persuaded by their bad reasons, and as the freshness of bloom is insensibly defaced by the heat of the sun, the purity of Souls is corrupted by their evil conversation. We are therefore obliged to have recourse to the help nature has given us, which is, to excite that passion that amoves us from evil,

evil, and supplies us with forces to fight manfully against it.

But its principal employment ought to be against Impudicity, and it seems that Heaven did not give birth to Aversion, but with the view of ridding us of an enemy which cannot be conquered but by flight. All the Passions march to succour Virtue, when she engages in war against Vice. Anger is spirited up in her defence: Audacity furnishes her with weapons; Hope promises her victory; and Joy that always attends on generous actions, stands forth as her reward. But when she attacks Impudicity, she dares not employ all these faithful soldiers; and well knowing that the enemy she encounters, is as crafty as powerful, she dreads their seduction or their being drawn in by artifice to its party. Anger in fact ages easily with love; and the quarrels of lovers are frequently conducive to re-kindle their extinct flames; Hope keeps up their affections, and Joy often receives birth from their desires; so that here none but Flight remains with Virtue for her defence, and of the many assistant Passions in all her other designs, there is not one but this Amotion to second her against Impurity. She, however,

PART II. X deems

deems herself strong enough by this aid, and there is no beauty so charming, inclination so strong, nor opportunity so dangerous, but she flatters herself to be able to surmount, if accompanied by this faithful passion. By it chastity reigns in the world; by it virginity is preserved; by its prudence men imitate Angels, and by it in the weakness of their flesh they triumph over Devils.

But the most wonderful effect it produces in the world, is when seconding the efforts of Charity, it separates us from ourselves, and anticipating the violence of death, divides the soul from the body: For man has not a greater enemy than himself; he is the cause of all his own disorders, and the Christian Religion agrees with the sect of the Stoics in declaring, that he can receive no real displeasure but what he procures for himself. 'Tis therefore he is obliged to keep at a distance from himself, and to entertain no commerce with his body, for fear he should take part in its weaknesses; he must avoid its company, if he designs to preserve his innocence; and his soul by the help of flight must be detached from a part of that which She animates. The mourner
amidst

amidst the bitterness of affliction, is debarred solitude, as serving to represent to him picturesque images of his grief; he finds sorrows mitigated amongst objects of diversion, and at length such train of thought buries his cares in oblivion: In like manner, sinners are kept from being alone, lest they might converse too much with themselves; it is not advisable to consign them over to their own thoughts, for fear of being over-busy with themselves; and a thousand artifices are used to carry them away from themselves, to prevent the destruction they might meditate: For it is well known that in solitude all the schemes they concert have an evil tendency; they think of laying snares for chastity, they set in order the course of revenge, they add spurs to their anger, and setting aside the fear and shame that restrained them in company, give loose reins to all their passions. To cure them of so many disorders they must be severed from themselves, and in order to conduct this design with success, Flight should be commissioned to take charge of it, as by innocent artifices it can abstract the soul from the body, and remove men from whatever may be hurtful to them.

Being under so many obligations to it, and particularly indebted to it for true peace of mind, the certain pledge of future happiness, it will not be amiss to assign the rest of this Chapter to the Consideration of its properties, and a more exact knowledge of a Passion, from which we receive so many good offices. It is to Hatred what desire is to Love: Tho' seeming to behold evil with the view only of removing from it, good is sought by it in round-about ways, and as seamen, it turns the back on the port it would arrive at. Its effects are as powerful as those of desire, and the unfortunate that fly a great danger, engage in as many sharp conflicts as those that are in search of a great happiness. Desire calls in Hope to its assistance to acquire the good that seems too difficult for being attained; in like manner Flight implores the assistance of Fear, to get rid of the evil surpassing its power. Desire is a mark of our indigence, Flight a proof of our weakness; and as by desiring we obtain what we want, by flying we escape from that which attacks us. Desire dilates our heart, and renders it capable of the good it contends for; Flight, by a quite contrary effect, closes up our soul

soul and shuts the door against the enemy that would force it; so that these two Passions are faithful ministers of Hatred and Love, and as the latter undertakes nothing generous without the assistance of desire, the former executes nothing memorable without the help of Flight; and as we owe the possession of good to Desire which sought it, we owe also the removal from evil to Flight, by which it met with a repulse.

END of VOL. I.

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THE ASSOCIATES